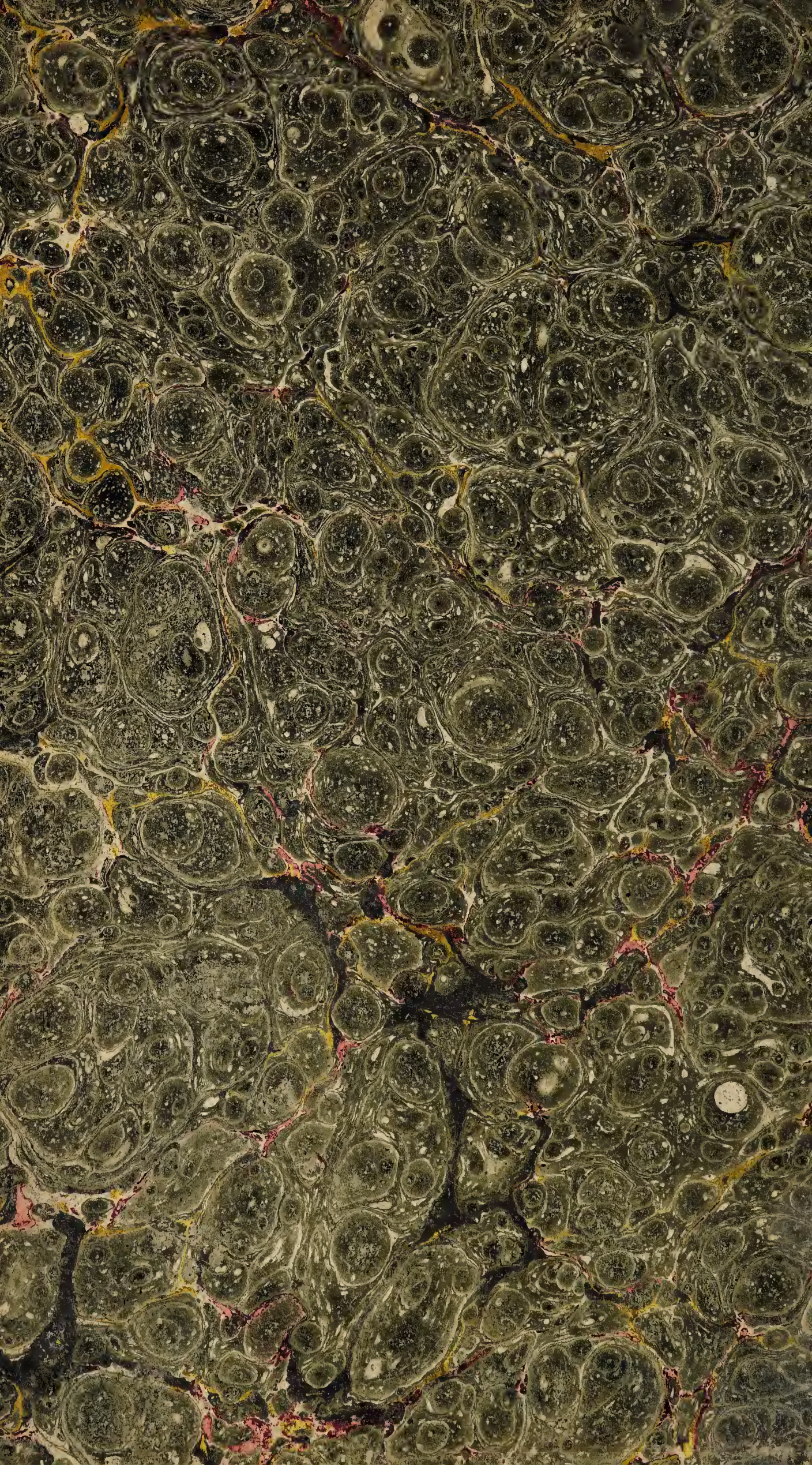

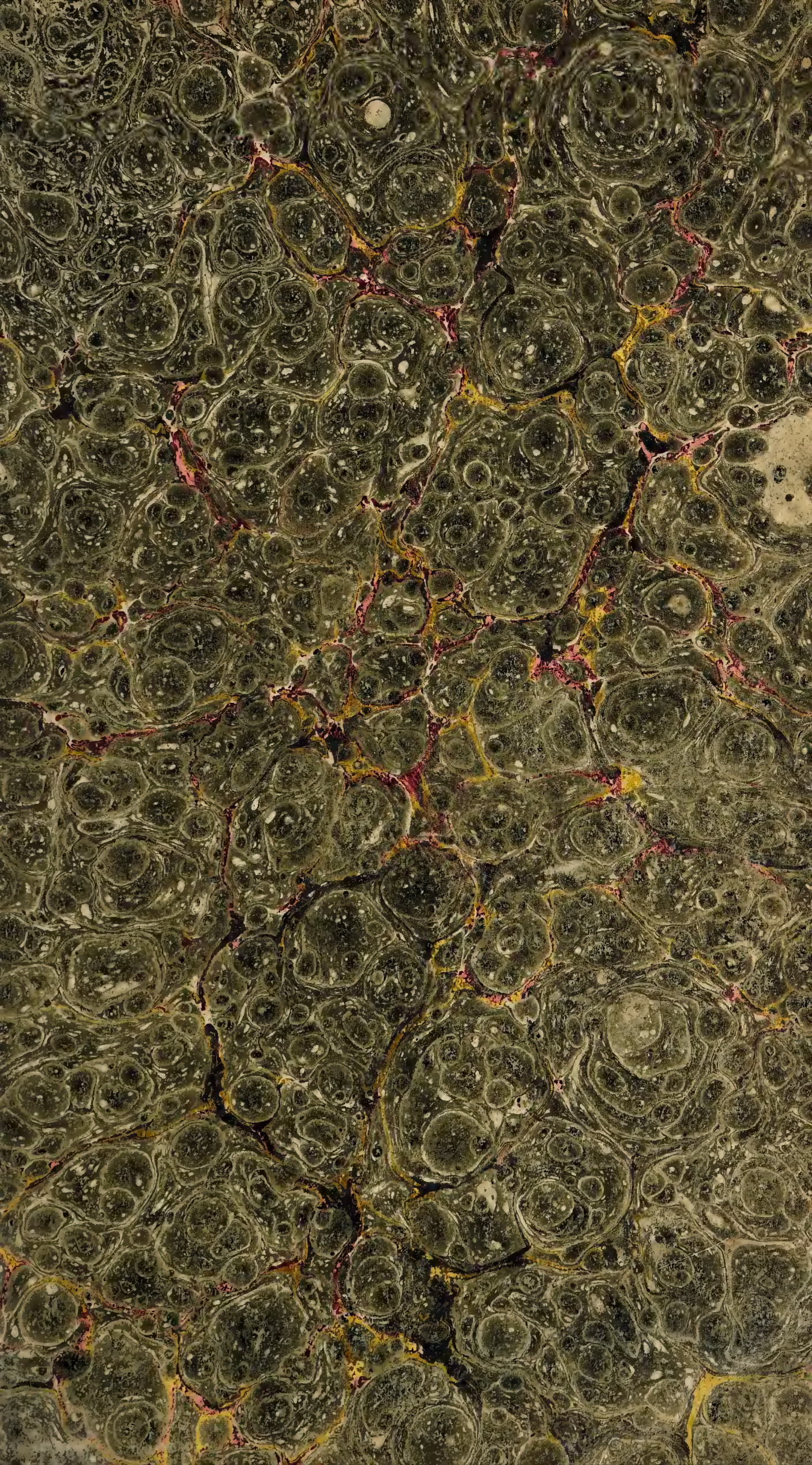

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DR COMICUS RESOLVES TO TRAVEL.

Dr. COMICUS

or the

FROLICS of FORTUNE.

LONDON

Published by Jaques & Wright Paternoster Row.

DOCTOR COMICUS;

OR

THE FROLICS OF FORTUNE.

A Comic, Satirical Poem,

FOR

THE SQUEAMISH AND THE QUEER.

IN TWELVE CANTOS.

BY A SURGEON.

" I'll to be happy, be content,
Nor break with care my sleeps;
Bliss, like a shadow, run or stand,
The self-same distance keeps."

" From grave to gay, from lively to serene."

ILLUSTRATED WITH NUMEROUS PLATES.

London:

PUBLISHED BY JAQUES & WRIGHT, 13, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1828.

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DOCTOR COMICUS,

OR

THE FROLICS OF FORTUNE.

CANTO THE FIRST.

" Dreams are but interludes which Fancy makes;
" Where Monarch reason sleeps, this Mimick wakes
" Compounds a medley of disjointed things,
" A court of Coblers, and a mob of Kings."

DRYDEN.

THE Sun was sinking in the western sky,
The shades of eve were softly drawing nigh,
The busy scenes of day were nearly o'er,
When Trim sat smoking at the alehouse door:
In sixty summers' suns he'd had a share,
And like his coat, he looked the worse for wear:
'Twas in the village he received his birth,
And oft in youth enjoy'd its harmless mirth:
The creeking sign was all the noise he heard,
Save now and then the little starling bird,
Or weary'd horses that came out to drink,
And dash'd their feet upon the river's brink.

Trim sat and ponder'd o'er his pipe and pot,
And thought of many a friend who now was not;
'Till, starting from his deep and silent thought,
The well known voice of Comicus he caught,
Who long with Trim had constant visits made,
To smoke a pipe beneath the beechen shade,
For with the Doctor 'twas an adage stale,
" *No physic's like a potent draught of ale;*"
And tho' no man more loved to send it out,
" Thank God (he always said) I do without."

" Ah! friend, (the Doctor cries,) what deep in thought?
" Some think too little, some more than they ought;
" Here Landlord, fill, I find the pot is out,
" Let ale be with our reasonings push'd about.
" All trades must live—so let us have some beer,
" Or else it's quite in vain our coming here:—
" Come, Trim, fill up, we'll smoke by candle light,
" I mean to have a long discourse to night;
" We'll leave off politics—they're dry and mean,
" Nothing so well will please you as my dream."
Now you must know, Trim had been wondrous clever,
And still believed his omens good as ever:
Indeed 'twas said—those who his skill had tried
Ne'er left his house, but either laugh'd or cried.
Besides Trim kept a shop where many a ninny
Came to give two and sixpence for a guinea;
And though the guinea was but seldom won,
Trim always said there would be business done:

For if they dreamt of lobsters, trout, or eel,
'Twas always ominous of Lottery's wheel.
Their claws or fins by him were duly counted,
And numbers found, to which they all amounted:
Trim from such wondrous sources drew his knowledge,
Stars were his tutors, and high heaven his college;
And by peculiar process he could bring
A sign from heaven for each terrestrial thing:—
He'd prove a man was not at all to blame
For going mad, when Luna's in the wane;
And, that it was by certain planets' rule
This man was made so wise, and that a fool:—
A quack astrologist, whose constant aim
Was to acquit the human race of blame,
And trace all vice, which human comfort mars,
To some unlucky junction of the stars—
Thus murders, tumults, civil broils and lies,
Were by his logic saddled on the skies.
"A Dream! (cries Trim,) so that's your theme to night,
"We often dream, tho' rarely dream aright:
"Our life's a dream, so our good parson says—
"And sure I always think so when *he prays*.
"You dreamt of physic then I dare be bound,
"And patients long since safely under ground—
"Well that's a comfort that you doctors have,
"That every blunder's hidden in the grave.
"Could dead men speak—but hold, no satire's here—
"Come, my good Doctor, push about the beer."
The doctor smiled and gave a sort of look
That plainly proved he understood the joke.

" Why Trim, 'tis vain for any to dissemble,
" The power of physic makes e'en heroes tremble;
" From Galen down to these more modern days
" Our race have always had their share of praise;
" Without us, man has ever tried in vain,
" To cure his maladies, or ease his pain,
" And hydrops, phlegmon, syncope, and phthisic,
" Have own'd in turns the sovereign power of physic."

" True sir, (cries Trim,) but when you have a doubt
" You send in physic just to find it out,
" Till patients, by all conquering nostrums plied,
" Have calmly given the contest up—and died."

" We've long (quoth Comicus) been *in terrorem*
" From what they call *opprobrium Medicorum*,
" But then we salve it with prevarication,
" And say the patient died of complication;
' Or else (when every other art's been tried)
" We send the patients to the water's side,
" Where other *Dons* contrive to get a fee,
" And lay all blame to th' ineffective sea."

" You practice well (says Trim)—but as for Latin—
" I might as well attempt to whet on satin,
" As understand your crooked, two tail'd words,
" With which you garnish what your shop affords;
" And I'm inclined to think you'd all have broken
" Long since, if only English you had spoken;

" For you must own, dear Comicus, 'tis cruel
" To have a Latin recipe for gruel;
" And thus let conjugations, verbs, and tenses,
" Cajole the world out of their common senses,
" Just like the Alma Maters Pater Nosters,
" That have supported Rome in her impostures."

" I never make, (says Comicus,) concession,
" Each man must combat for his own profession;
" For Physic, Logic, Law, must be sophistical,
" All would be nought unless there's something mystical.
" 'Tis not the judge inspires our minds with dread,
" But the huge trappings which adorn his head;
" Take off his wig—and then do all you can,
" He's not a judge, he's but a common man;
" Just so with mitred heads, and powder'd crowns,
" The magic is in temples, robes, and gowns;—
" So muskets, swords, and plumes, and burnish'd brass,
" Give all the terror that the soldier has;
" Strip them of these and they at once become,
" Each in his sphere, a mere domestic drone;
" So physic—else we practice it in vain—
" Requires the *sable cloth*, and *gold nobb'd cane;*
" And Latin recipes are well design'd
" To cloud and mystify the public mind."
Says Trim, " I think you're right upon the whole,—
" For even barbers have a painted pole;—
" And those whom nature destin'd for inferiors,
" Catch the infection, aping their superiors;—

" Why I've been told my grandfather could say
" Who was chief barber in famed Noah's day;
" And 'twas a distant relative, he said,
" Demosthenes employed to shave his head."
" You're right, (says Comicus,) for all agree
" 'Tis wise to claim an ancient pedigree:
" Thus China's sons, lest they should be outdone,
" Date their existence ere the world begun.—
" 'Tis time that stamps importance on our deeds,
" Their value rises as the year succeeds;
" Things present man will cheerfully forego
" To contemplate a hundred years ago:
" Thinks what's within his reach not worth possessing,
" While he some precious relic is caressing,—
" A bit of stone, or wood, or shapeless bust,
" If covered o'er with antiquated rust,
" Commands a reverence in the age we live,
" Which nothing but the hand of time can give.
" But let us not indulge this useless theme,—
" You know I promised to relate my dream:
" For ev'ry night the same strange thing appears,
" T' affright my senses, and astound my ears."

" Of late, my friend, I've seen, with some dismay
" Your countenance, (quoth Trim,) some fears betray
" For sure some dreadful monitor within
" Has changed your usual smile into a grin;
" And even Parson Glebe the other day
" Said, 'Dont you think the Doctor falls away?" '

" In truth, (said Comicus,) he has good eyes,
" Who sees a diminution in my size ;
" Nor can I think a man can e'er get thin,
" Whose bones, like mine, are covered but with skin ;
" But had you, Trim, for these last twenty nights,
" Seen the dread object which my soul affrights,
" E'en your rotundity of paunch would flag,
" Like batter pudding in too large a bag."

" Be sure (says Trim) no incident is lost
" In your description,—if it be a ghost.—
" Besides you must include in your narration
" The size, the form, and, most of all, the station:
" For ghosts that touch the ground can never be
" Laid quiet, by the priest in any See."

The Doctor raised his hand in stately mood,
And thrust his finger in the fragrant tube,
While curls of smoke by hasty puffs ejected
Rose from the tube which had been long neglected:
Fast in one hand he grasped th' half emptied can,
And quick to tell his wondrous tale began:—
" As soon as drowsy Morpheus shuts my eyes
" A direful scene each night before me flies,
" Vials and gallipots in quick succession,
" With skulls and bones, make up a long procession;
" Next comes a group of figures tall and thin,
" And each salutes me with a ghastly grin;
" At last a monstrous giant in the rear,
" With looks that e'en the stoutest heart must fear,

" Moves slowly in, and with a monstrous club,
" Threatens, with worse than knightship me to dub,
" First with a volley of abuse I'm ply'd—
" Fool, knave, usurper, and unqualified,
" Are each unsparingly on me conferr'd,
" Altho' I venture not to speak a word:
" Then raising high his club my life's at stake—
" But always at this moment I awake."

" The vision's ominous, (said Trim,) no doubt,
" Altho' beyond my skill to find it out;
" But as they say you've dealings with the Devil,
" I should have thought at least he'd been more civil,
" And not have sent so many of his race
" To play the fool before a brother's face.
" Indeed your vision's filled me with such fears,
" I fancy blocks are rattling in my ears;—
" Whilst groups of razors pass before my sight,
" And all my combs and scissors take their flight.
" No doubt, my friend, a guardian sprite attends
" On each profession for important ends:
" Thus devils seem to visit learned proctors,
" And death, with equal kindness, waits on doctors,
" So in your turn you're honor'd with a call,
" And saw the ghost of physic—that was all:—
" Come quaff your ale and let's no more be sad,
" Such childish notions only make us mad;
" Drink but enough from Master Johnson's tub,
" And you may smile when Physic lifts his club."

Thus went the time in comments most profound,
Till night had thrown her sable mantle round,
And ale and argument had wrought so strong,
'Twas now no matter which was right or wrong;
For potent ale can settle all disputes,
And render greatest blusterers greatest mutes.
So noisy artizans, who meet in town,
In Meux or Calvert all their quarrels drown,
And finish politics and reasonings deep,
In pugilistic contests,—or in sleep.

With tottering steps the Doctor led the way,
And left the reck'ning for another day:
While Trim, with careless step essay'd to follow,
But not remembering a well-known hollow,
Soon stretched upon his mother's lap he lay,
Mingling with native dust his well-soak'd clay;
Nor could he rise till Comicus return'd,
And set his feet once more on solid ground.
Now link'd together, home they sped their way;
No man's so weak, but may another stay,—
E'en sinking friends, if promptly they unite,
May serve, at times, to set each other right.
What for the want of friendship can atone,
When no man's qualified to stand alone!
Tho' separate links society unite,
Each is essential to the general might:
And those may search for happiness in vain,
Who dare to break the all important chain.

At length by devious steps each reach'd his cot
And in soft sleep his wand'rings soon forgot;
Here, while they rest, perhaps we may as well,
To pass the time, the Doctor's history tell:—

The Doctor's father kept the village school,
For all the people own'd he was no fool—
He shaved, and bled, and physick'd on occasion,
Was reckon'd great in ratiocination;
'Twas said by some—but then the world is evil—
He had, at times, some dealings with the *Devil;*
But be that true or false, it is well known,
He had to many a girl her sweetheart shewn,
Told her his name, and colour of his hair,
How many brats would bless the happy pair.
Thus shaving, bleeding, fortune-telling, all
Was at his father's instant beck and call.
Four offices he fill'd within one year—
Clerk, beadle, constable, and overseer;
And once a year he went the country round,
To see the harpsichords had kept their sound;
—Besides, he measured land, ground scythes and axes,
Was road surveyor, gathered in the taxes;
—Kept shop, sold drugs, pomatum, combs and blacking,
And dealt in linen rags, and cords and sacking,—
In short, his shop was called the grand *depôt*,
Where something might be found for high and low;
There huntsmen were supplied with cordial balls,—
Funerals were furnish'd, and he let out palls;

—Dug graves, occasionally, and toll'd the bell,
And some said, none could mend a shoe so well:
Made ladies' pattens with neat Brunswick ties,—
And Mrs. Comicus sold children's pies,
Charm'd agues, corns, and warts, sold sticking plaister,
That always cured—no matter what disaster.

His son, the hero of our present tale,
A sprightly youth, but rather tall and pale,
Admired his father's wit, but blamed him rather
For mingling such a list of trades together;
And finding him one day in friendly mood,
Resolved no longer o'er his thoughts to brood,
But speak at once the feelings of his mind,
And *see which way* his father was inclined.—
" Father, (says he,) I speak with due submission,
" But I can see no bliss in my condition,
" As barber, doctor, schoolmaster, and sexton—
" So many trades, why 'tis enough to vex one;
" I've scarce done shaving, but I'm sent away,
" An ounce of brimstone, or stone blue to weigh;
" And then, before I can their uses tell,
" I'm sent up street, to toll the parish bell:
" You cannot think, how frequent is my shock,
" To see on this side physic, there a block—
" As if a man had all his life been bred,
" To couple physic with a wooden head,"
Dick would have said—but, lo! a pinch of snuff
Convinced him that for once he'd said enough;

This was a sign he could not well mistake,—
His father was about the field to take:—
" Richard, (the old man cried,) my maxim is,
" To know more trades than one, is always wise,
" For he wo'nt suffer tho' one trade may fail,
" Who's got another close upon its tail.
" Some mighty doctors, in great London's city,
" May make a fortune; but 'tis sure a pity
" For any man to ride through dirty lanes
" And only get well plaster'd for his pains;
" Or every night rise smoking hot from bed,
" To visit patients in some roofless shed,
" And only look for the half starving pay
" Of parish officers, on Lady-day;—
" Besides, young man, whene'er you talk of college,
" Be sure you don't connect the place with knowledge.—
" 'Tis true a man some empty title gains,—
" But then, no college deals in human brains;
" He who's a blockhead when he leaves his home,
" There but a learned blockhead will become,—
" Like plated goods, a very little wear,
" Will make the baser metal soon appear.
" By humble individuals I've been taught,
" What colleges and halls in vain have sought;
" And Dick, I'll teli thee what, thy shallow brains
" Will ne'er repay me, if I take the pains;
" For education, in our larger towns,
" Will cost a man a many hundred pounds,
" And all my trades together, would not bring
" In twenty years the sum, nor near the thing:

" 'Twould ruin twenty little men, like me,
" To make one doctor, such as thou would'st be.
" However, as some learning thou wilt need,
" And I can only teach thee how to read,
" I'll send thee to my friend, old Graduate;
" There thou wilt learn the grammar to translate,—
" For 'tis reported, Graduate can speak
" Latin as naturally as pigs can squeak;
" And I've no doubt, but Galen and Hippocrates,
" Join'd with a little from old Socrates,
" Books, which I know he has, will in good time,
" Make thee around thy native village shine."
Dick, who had always thought his father clever,
Now fancied he was grown more wise than ever,—
No more repined at what appear'd his fate,
But went a pupil to old Graduate;
Bonus, bona, he learn'd with anxious haste,
Improved his style, and cultivated taste;
Found Nepos every day becoming easier,
And soon read Virgil, Sallust, Horace, Cæsar;
For Dick perceived his time would be too short
To make one science his peculiar fort,
So like the dogs that fear the crocodile,
He lapt the stream, still running all the while;
Indeed, could title pages make a great man,
Dick was well qualified to be a statesman;
For scarce a book was extant, but he knew
The author's name, and whether old or new,
Zoology, Dick's tutor deeply knew,
And in phytology was mighty too,

He told the links which animals unite,
From highest orders down to zoophite:
And he could prove, by a peculiar plan,
An ourang outang was almost a man.
By means of magnetism, with greatest ease,
He'd conquer quickly the most fierce disease.
Graduate unrivall'd long had stood confess'd,
In making dumb bells to expand the chest;
Electric batteries, and steel retractors,
Glasses converging, and dark green refractors.—
Indeed all round the country he was known,
And many a trophy of his skill was shewn.
He was so skill'd in prophylactic art,
That he could sure preventatives impart,
And could with wond'rous microscopic eye,
The latent seeds of each disorder spy.
Nay, but for him—(and sure that man was clever
There might have been a pestilence or fever;
Indeed, his fever pills *had such a name,*
That where they were, a fever never came.
Now finding that the eve of life drew on,
And having neither relative, nor son,
He deem'd it right his knowledge should descend
To Dick, that he might still the world befriend;
So all his knowledge straight to him convey'd,
And qualified him to conduct his trade.
Dick, now in learning and in physic skill'd,
A higher station than his father fill'd;—
Dubb'd himself Doctor—wore a long pig-tail,—
Powder'd his head, and soon began to rail

At noxious drugs, as coming from the devil,
While plants could cure the gout, and stop the evil.
But steady time, which moves its pond'rous wheel,
And makes the proudest sons of Adam feel
Its pressure, long since had removed
The doctor's father and the friend he loved:
And revolutions, which no man can stay,
Had carried *Herbal practice* far away.
Long had the Doctor found his science vain,
Nor could he hold the magic of his cane—
And spite of all his logic, found it harder
To boil the pot, than his old friend the barber.
Long he had sold a little snug estate,
Which had been left him by old Graduate;
And all his father's portion, though not small,
Was gone—in fact the Doctor had spent all.
But poverty's the parent of invention,
And Comicus determined not to mention
The dire distress which brooded o'er his years,
And fill'd his mind with many anxious fears;
" For (said the Doctor) though I know my face
" Will never charm the ladies, yet my grace
" And wondrous talents, which I know are rare,
" Will surely recommend me any where,—
" And I'm resolved—like Dean Swift's pastry cook—
" With elegance and grace to bait my hook:
" Like him, endeavour, by peculiar art,
" Of much foul dough to make a savoury tart."
Such were the thoughts with which the Doctor teem'd,
And every hour of some fair prospect dream'd;

For as he saw no chance, while he stay'd there,
To make his nightly visions disappear,
He wisely said, "If they from me wont fly,
"'Tis time a man some other scheme should try;'
So when great Mahomet had called in vain
Upon a mountain to attend his train,
He wisely said, "I now my pow'r will prove,
"And walk to you, since you refuse to move."
"Who knows (says Comicus) but that I may
"In later life behold a brighter day.—
"I'll wait no longer, but begin the chase,
"And try my fortune in some other place;—
"Tho' late in life, still I'll exert my power—
"Fortune, some favours, at the eleventh hour,
"Honor, and reputation, still may be
"Laid up in fortune's treasury, for me."

While all these schemes were floating in his mind,
He went as usual, his friend Trim to find,
To spend one evening more—but nothing say
About the projects of the coming day:—
'Twas hard to part with such an ancient friend—
But ale sometimes can kind assistance lend—
And Dr. Comicus, in draughts profound,
An adventitious flow of spirits found:
Forgot his cares, and drove away his sorrow,
Nor felt one anxious care about the morrow.
Age has its playthings, 'tis a second youth,
A state of nullity, 'twixt hope and truth.

And when experience should have found the way,
We find it often most disposed to stray!
Hope is the spring that actuates mankind,
Each hopes for bliss in varied forms to find;
And 'tis at best imaginary good,
That urges man through life's laborious road:
For youth or age some fascinating scene
Presents, tho' disappointments come between—
And even hoary hairs some objects find
To give delight and captivate the mind.
Thus plans, and wishes, trials, hopes and fears,
Fill up our hasty term of threescore years.

CANTO THE SECOND.

"These were thy charms, but all those charms are fled,
"Sweet smiling village, lov'liest of the lawn."

GOLDSMITH.

'Twas June, and nature dress'd in verdant green.
Heighten'd the beauties of a country scene,
The scented violet with the dog-rose vied,
The fields and hedges shone in wanton pride,
The feather'd songsters, perching on the spray
With lively notes were heralding the day,
When Comicus unclosed his drowsy eyes,
And gazed about the room in wild surprise
'Twas long since he enjoy'd repose so well,
Nor could at first the sov'reign reason tell;
Nor dreams, nor visions, had disturb'd his rest,
Nor fearful club, nor e'en a shadowy guest:
"O Morpheus," said the Doctor, "sleepy god!
"How much I owe thee for this peaceful nod!
"Yet stay (said he) unless my memory fail,
"'Tis not to thee I owe the praise—but ale."
Fresh o'er his mind the evening's frolic ran,
And smiling at his deeds he thus began:—
"Hail! sov'reign juice, reward of all the toil
"And labour of the ploughman in the soil;

"Hail! precious grain, whose extract can repair
"The labourer's strength, and dissipate his care;
"To thee shall wearied nature yield her praise,
"And tottering age its grateful tribute raise!
"Before thy sparkling glory, nectar flies,
"Thy wholesome power each classic juice outvies;
"Far from thy soothing influence visions fly,
"Nor ghosts, nor goblins, dare thy fumes come nigh.
"No more let priests, with talismanic plea,
"Their vict'ries boast o'er ghosts in the Red sea;
"When next such frightful visitants appear,
"I shall be safe—can I but have thee near;
"No more at such nonentities turn pale—
"But, meet the strongest ghost with stronger ale!"
Such were his thoughts, when Sol from th' eastern skies,
Darted a ray, which seem'd to bid him rise;
This was the day when Comicus must leave
(And his own plans oft made his bosom heave)
The village where he drew his infant breath,
Endear'd by many a life and many a death:
His youthful frolics, and maturer joys,
All crowded in at once to counterpoise
The Doctor's firm intent—but all in vain—
Resolved he was his purpose to maintain.
His business he had settled days before,
And pack'd in saddle bags his little store;
And Tip, the poney, had been doubly fed,
For he might have some twenty miles to tread:—
The Doctor's plans had been matured alone,
Confed'rates or advisers he had none.—

He wisely thought 'twould save him many a sigh
If he could leave the village *on the sly*—
And not be troubled at the time of starting
With all the mis'ries of a formal parting.—
So the fond lover who his mistress leaves,
And his own resolution scarce believes,
Waves an adieu, lest some intruding tear
Should break his purpose and confine him there.—
The Doctor had not much behind to leave,—
No wife, nor relative his loss to grieve,
And e'en his goods and chattels duly counted
To less than twenty shillings all amounted;—
One little room was all our hero boasted,
In which he physick'd, wash'd, and bled and roasted.
—An oaken board, which once had graced a stable,
Served him for counter, shelf, and desk, and table;—
A chair which seem'd its stately back to raise,
As if it had been made in giants' days,
But in compliance to some wag or other
Had lost one arm, but still retain'd the other.
Snug in the chimney corner hung his hose,
Suspended on the line with other clothes,
While herbs which once had bloom'd in verdant pride,
In various bundles graced the other side.
A nest of drawers near the window stood,
Whose solid sides proved no distress for wood,
And had contain'd variety of store,
—By turns the servant of the rich and poor.
In a dark corner of the room was laid
An heterogeneous mass he call'd his bed,

But wind and time had borne the down away,
And now it boasted little else but hay.
Round the mean hovel hung on rusty nails,
Were many worn out wigs, with monstrous tails;
These, with tin-pots, and an old med'cine chest,
Vials and pill boxes, made up the rest.
Their owner now, who fill'd with higher thoughts,
No longer could be blind to all their faults,
Cast a contemptuous look on all his store,
And just remark'd 'twas shocking to be poor!—
But still he drew some comfort from the thought,
That riches only waited to be sought—
And thanked his lucky stars that had inspired
The nobler thoughts which now his bosom fired:
For human nature, verging to extremes,
Is often most insane, when wise she seems,—
And projects which by man are easiest prized,
Are sometimes hardest to be realized:
Thus great men think they never can be poor,
And others deem with ease t' increase their store,
But still th' extremes of chimera and sloth
Prove false, and often disappoint them both.
The Doctor now had fitted on his wig,
Which had but one defect,—'twas much too big:
Long since the fashion told him to curtail,—
But yet the Doctor wore a pendant tail.
His coat (though time had worn it monstrous thin,
Had seen full fifteen fashions out and in,
And when its scanty buttons came together,
(Which Comicus call'd barring wind and weather,)

Shew'd what it once had grasp'd had worn away,
And which had suffered most from time's decay.
His boots, which trembled every step he took,
Long for his rounded calves had ceased to look;
But yet were made at times a stretch to feel,
Whene'er they came in contact with his heel.
The covering of his head ne'er saw a fellow,—
At once a hat and useful umbrella,
Alike protector from the summer's heat,
And pelting storms when pitiless they beat.
Beneath this firmament of dapple grey
The Doctor's face look'd like the milky way.
'Tis said when nature one thing has denied,
She has another generously supplied;—
So sometimes 'midst deformity we find
More splendid beauties added to the mind,
And nature, in her operations wise,
Had given the Doctor length, instead of size.
Full six feet six from mother earth he rose,
When nature turn'd, and finished in his nose,
And left a goodly prominence to shew
What in her frolics she could sometimes do.
But tho' *unique* in his external form,
His heart was gen'rous, and his bosom warm;
And tho' he differ'd from most other men
In philosophic notions and demean,
Yet he could bear a good round contradiction,
And yield a point in spite of predilection;
He knew one half the mis'ry contest brings
Arise from terms more frequently than things,

And would be oft a voluntary mute,
Tho' none more dearly loved a fair dispute.
His pony, which for twenty years he'd rode,
Look'd all the worse for being long bestrode,
And might be said to be in high condition—
If prominence of bone made competition;
Old age had made him careless with his feet;
But when he fell, the Doctor kept his seat,
For the long leg that dangled on each side
Made it convenient both to walk and ride.
One eye on all terrestrial things was closed,
And t' other mostly 'neath the lids reposed,
Save when the sounding horn, or jovial cry
Proclaim'd the huntsman with his pack was nigh;
For time had been when Tip with bounding vein
Had gallop'd blithsome over many a plain,
Nor could he now forget his youthful sport,
But shew'd his native fire by many a snort,
Thus seeming to enjoy a sportive mind,
Altho' his worn out carcase lagg'd behind.

Safe in his saddle was our hero placed,
A golden nobb'd bamboo his right hand graced:
A thund'ring brace of kicks he first apply'd
With monstrous spurs to Tip's old hoopen side,
Who finding he'd received his usual pay,
With stately motion now commenced his way;
While Comicus, who sat in pensive mood,
Seem'd quite unconscious of the ground he trod.

The village spire receded from his view,
And well known scenes in quick succession flew
The thought of seeing all these charms no more,
Clothed them in greater beauties than before:
Each tree and bush some new enchantment yield,
And fresh delights deck'd each succeeding field.
Descending now the hill, the Doctor knew
'Twas time to catch the last dear parting view,
And turning round he dropt the trickling tear,
As fast the village chimnies disappear.
So mariners who leave their native shore
Watch the dear coast till it is seen no more,
Then wrap the sweet remembrance in a sigh,
And towards another haven cast their eye.
"Adieu, (said Comicus,) ye fav'rite bowers,
"Delightful nursery of my infant hours;
"The purest joys such recollection brings—
"But I am called to gaze on nobler things,
"Yet 'midst my future honours there shall be
"A place devoted to your memory."
But while such thoughts were crowding on his brain,
Tip had enjoy'd his ease, with slacken'd rein,
And thus evinced by cautious steps and slow
That he indulged in sweet reflections too:
But chancing on a rolling stone to tread,
Contrived to cast his master o'er his head.
Then first our traveller his memory found,
As many do, whene'er they reach the ground.
So some philosophers who take a flight,
Puzzle their shallow brains, and loose their sight,

Till giddy with conjecture, down they come,
And find themselves just where they were—at home.
Stunn'd with the fall, the Doctor rests a while,
And when he rose, could not suppress a smile:
"'Tis not," says he, "the lot of all our species,
"At every fall, to shew so many pieces,
'Or else, where'er a fallen friend we meet on,
'We should suppose him but a skeleton."
At a respectful distance was his cane,
Which hat and wig had tried to reach in vain;
While both his girths, unfaithful to their trust,
Had with the sudden movement fairly burst:
Thus hat and wig, and saddle, had bestrew'd,
With horse and rider, more than half a rood.
The Doctor rising from his humble bed,
First seized his wig, and clapt it on his head,
Then grasp'd his cane, which at a distance lay,
And placed himself in furious array;
But many a lusty stroke did Tip receive,
Before his fallen station he would leave;
At length, slow rising from the grav'ly soil,
By shake refresh'd, prepared for future toil.
Once more upon his back the saddle flew,
The girths with packthread soon were join'd anew,
And Comicus, fresh mounted on his seat,
Warn'd him, with many a cuff, to mind his feet:
For Comicus, unlike some other men,
Who if they fall, ne'er strive to rise again,
Thought little disappointments should create
A stronger zeal in those who would be great.

The Doctor now jogg'd on with cheerful pace,
Forgot his fall, and gave his troubles chase,
A thousand pleasures seem'd at once his own,
But most of all, the thoughts of seeing town:
For tho' time's wint'ry hand, with fleecy snows
Had deck'd with grey the Doctor's head and brows,
Yet had he not beheld the wond'rous scene,
That strange assemblage of the great and mean.
"Can I but once," thought he, "this mart behold.
"This seat of commerce, enterprize, and gold;
"Soon will my troubles, like the vapours fly,
"Or morning mists, when Sol ascends on high:
"I'll cultivate acquaintance with the great,
"Learn *etiquette*, and how to move in state,
"Purchase a name, and cull from honour's bed
"A wreath of roses to adorn my head;
"For since by accidents the greatest rise,
"And ignorance before promotion flies;
"If others, without merit, rise so high,
"With such superior talents, why not I?
"And who can tell, but I may yet become
"A man of ton, by lords and ladies known."
These sanguine thoughts were faithfully applied
In due succession to his pony's side;
"My Lord," "your Grace," and even "Worship" too,
Saluted every tree that came in view;
Nor gates, nor stiles, without encomium pass'd,
And every mile-stone with a bow was graced;
So lunatics, who think they wear a crown,
Forget the shackles which confine them down,

Order and bluster with despotic sway,
Nor heed, tho' none their high commands obey.
So Comicus, by fancy's forms beguiled,
On every object either frown'd or smiled,—
And had within the limits of a ride,
Ranged o'er the beaten fields of human pride.
But Tip, whose thoughts on lower subjects roll'd,
Alike a stranger both to power and gold,
Call'd back his master's thoughts with sounding neigh,
For in his sight a straggling hamlet lay;
Full twenty miles he'd padded on the road,
And felt quite weary of his antique load.
With quicken'd pace he now the village near'd;
The Doctor full of hope,—when straight appear'd
A rustic group whose looks our hero fear'd;
A hundred eyes at once upon him stare,
(For 'twas the time they kept the annual fair,)
And 'twas reported on that very day,
A famous mountebank would pass that way,
Whose wond'rous cures had gain'd him such a name,
That thousands flock'd around where'er he came;
Nor did they doubt, as Comicus drew near,
He was the man expected to appear,—
And as the Doctor gently moved along,
The gaping rustics round his pony throng:—
"God bless your doctorship," cried out a swain,
"You cured my child, you know, who was so lame,
"And my poor wife got better of her ills,
"The very day she took your patent pills."

"I now can see!" another voice replies,
"Your golden ointment, sir, quite cured my eyes."
The Doctor soon perceived the simple train
Knew less of physiognomy than pain;
But thought perhaps the blunder might be made
To serve his purpose in the way of trade.
At length, their grateful feelings were so strong,
High on their shoulders he was borne along,—
And rode in triumph 'midst the general din,
Safe to the threshold of the village inn:
But long before the Doctor reach'd his post,
His hat and wig amidst the crowd were toss'd,
Who thinking it was right to keep them whole,
Had each exalted on a long hop pole.

At length arrived, hat and peruke replaced,
The smoky tap-room soon the Doctor graced,—
Who fast recovering from his sudden fright,
Thought it was time to set the people right;
But feeling rather weary with his ride,
A cup of foaming ale was first applied;
And now a hasty thought just cross'd his mind,
That Tip his pony, had been left behind—
And as the saddle bags contain'd his store,
He rush'd like light'ning to the alehouse door:—
"My horse, my horse," the Doctor loudly cries,—
"He's in the stable, sir," a voice replies;
"That may be true," says he, "but I declare
"I sha'nt be easy till I see him there;"—

Dr. COMICUS SELLING HIS PILLS.

For Comicus was one who always waited,
To have a thing most clearly demonstrated—
" Let it be granted," would not him suffice,
When he could draw a better proof from eyes.
Round to the stable door he quickly hied,
Where Tip and saddle bags he plainly spied;
And finding he'd been well supplied with food,
Safe to the inn he bore his precious load:
For Comicus resolved this time to try
A scheme which might his present wants supply;
Convinced when smiling Fortune gives the hour,
Man should improve it with his utmost power,—
And not in sloth and idleness remain,
Since prosp'rous moments ne'er may come again.
Within his wallet Comicus had stored,
Lamented Graduate's antiquated hoard,
All healing nostrums, warranted to keep
Their virtues whilst they sail'd across the deep:
With ancient key the Doctor now unlocks
The case, that equall'd old Pandora's box,
And mounting on the table, cries aloud,
" Omnipotent!" amidst th' astonish'd crowd;—
Who first with hearty shouts the hero cheer,
And then with gaping mouths prepare to hear:
" Good folks," the Doctor cries, " with your good will,
" I'll just relate the virtues of my pill:—
" Its sov'reign power is such as all must prize,
" The recipe no doubt came from the skies;
" It cures diseases which exceed the skill
" Of Galen's selfish race—name which you will,

"Indeed, its composition is so latent,
"It scorns the mean appendage of a patent;
"It cures diseases of the heart and lungs,
"Gives fresh velocity to female tongues,
"Makes children talk before they're six months old,
"And renders peaceable the greatest scold;
"'Twill cure a drunken husband in three days,
"Prevent the dire effects of too tight stays,
"Renders the bawling politicians quiet,—
"Needs no confinement, or peculiar diet:—
"It gives the palest cheek a blooming colour,
"And stills a noisy madman in his choler,
"Gives to the breath a violet perfume,
"And cures old maids of colic and the rheum,
"Ladies, who would not ever old appear,
"Need take a pill but once in every year;—
"'Twill take the brandy out of any nose,
"And drive the chalk stones from their worships' toes,
"Topers who take my pills, I'd have them know,
"They 'scape the gout, and drink like fishes too.
"Spend no more money then in idle trash,
"But purchase health and comfort with your cash.
"Who buys a pill?—I see you all are willing—
"The price is nothing—charge you but a shilling;
"Besides, I'll tell you what, my stock is small,
"I've not enough, good folks, to serve you all."

The Doctor ceased—and crowds the case surround,
Each country bumpkin soon a shilling found;

So much his speech had wrought upon the mind,
Not e'en a single pill was left behind;
And Comicus in counting o'er his cash,
Found nine good pounds, instead of useless trash.
Thus half the world are born to be beguiled,
Tho' grown to manhood acting still the child;
Like swarming minnows in the liquid flood—
Serving a few rapacious sharks for food.
Man is not always what he is from choice,
He's oft the creature of the public voice,
And influenced only by a smile or frown,
Assumes a character that's not his own.

The Doctor now well pleased that he had tried
A scheme, which had his pockets well supplied,
Amidst the noisy rustics took his seat,
To crown the evening's frolic with a treat:—
Here noisy Hodge was singing "Yoe heave yoe!"
There Bet was simpering out her tale of woe;
And dim-eye'd age was beaming fresh delight,
Recounting frolics of the last fair night.
Now Comicus was one who loved to see
His friends around him jocund, frank, and free;
Tho' interest could at times his reason blind,
His heart was sympathetic, soft, and kind—
To rural joys his soul was long endear'd;
And whilst his presence every bosom cheer'd,
He entertain'd the unaspiring throng,
With many a witty sentiment and song.

Time was, when far as twenty miles from home,
The Doctor's person was distinctly known;
But such is oft the fate of greatest fame,
Not only actions die, but also name.
The sparkling ale went jovially around,
And many a trophy of its strength was found;
But as the Doctor still more mellow grew,
A thousand tropes and figures from him flew;
Old Graduate's lays were by the smiling board
Again repeated, and again encored;
And as they were composed in ancient times,
Perhaps we may as well perserve the lines:—

FRIENDSHIP.

When Eden's fair flowers round Adam were blowing,
And every rich beauty gay nature could give,
Not Paradise even its luxuries shewing,
Could ever teach man without Friendship to live.

There's no sweeter flower
Kind nature can send,
To cheer the dull hour,
Than that of—a Friend.

The exile who wanders in silence and sorrow,
Across the blue wave casts the big tearful eye—
Alas! what to him is the prospect of morrow,
If alone and deserted he's left there to die?

In vain every treasure
Golconda can send;
Gold yields us no pleasure
If robb'd of—a Friend.

When the big clouds of sorrow with darkness surround us,
And life with its cares swell the bosom with grief,
If but a few friends we can gather around us,
Their presence and comfort give speedy relief;—
The heart still possesses
Emotions to blend
With the pleasing caresses
And smiles of—a Friend.

Now night o'er heaven's high arch in triumph rode
And bade the merry group seek their abode,—
While bursts of laughter as they sped their way,
Gave proof how much they had enjoy'd the day.
Ah! little do the great and powerful know,
For pomp of courts, what pleasures they forego,—
'Tis rural life those charms alone present,
Which yield a solid, and a sweet content.
Grandeur and misery are too near allied—
For sorrow is the natural child of pride.

The evening's bustle now soon died away,
Their money spent, 'twas useless then to stay,
And Comicus at length alone remain'd,
Well pleased with what his happy genius gain'd;
But ale, that mortal foe to sober thought,
Had in its lures the willing Doctor caught;
Yet still he held his pipe in sober state,
And try'd and try'd again, to cogitate·
For he resolv'd, before he came away,
To enter down the items of the day

And copy other dons who make a book,
About a morn or evening's walk they took.
Indeed some view enough, in one short hour,
To find materials for a lengthen'd tour;
For if across the channel, they should dance,
Next week you meet a *History of France;*
Some entertain you with a long canal
About discov'ries in the park canal:
In short, if 'tis a book, 'tis sure to do,—
No matter what the subject, false or true.—
"First day," says Comicus, "rode twenty miles,
"Counted just thirteen gates, and fifty stiles;
"Roads good—the soil productive—no beasts fatter—
"Substratum—chiefly calcareous matter;
"Most of the houses made of lath and plaster—
"Fell from my horse—but that was a disaster.
"At four P. M. came to the village inn,—
"A day of mirth,—the folks look'd neat and clean;
"Mistaken for a mountebank, a quack,—
"Receiv'd great honour—rode a pickapack
"Push'd off some pills compos'd by Graduate;
"Smok'd thirteen pipes, but sat up rather late;
"Landlord, a pleasant, steady, blythesome fellow,
"Brews his own ale—'tis very strong, but mellow."
"But stay," says Comicus, "here let me pause,
"For other great events I'll have a clause,—
"For I remember modern travellers tell
"All that by night, as well as day befel,
"Nor e'en the smallest circumstance o'erlook
"When once they have resolv'd upon a book."

Thus Comicus was lost in thought so deep,
He dropp'd his pipe, then gently fell asleep;
Till his kind hostess, with a friendly shake,
From premature repose bade him awake;—
Like a tall cedar reeling in the wind,
The Doctor mov'd, with landlady behind,
Till safe on downy couch he stretch'd his clay,
Big with the honours of the coming day.

Canto the Third.

" Obstructions made him eagerly aspire,
" All to surmount and nobly soar the higher."

Pope.

When Sol had cleft the east on wings of gold,
And bade the flowery world its charms unfold:
Night at a distance ling'ring on her way,
Gaz'd at his beams and own'd his sov'reign sway;
Wide o'er the world the blazing day unfurls,
Changing the chrystal dew-drops into pearls;
The cock's shrill clarion with a piercing cry,
Awoke the Doctor from his lethargy,—
Nature tho' wearied out with projects deep,
Arose invigorate from balmy sleep.
No sooner Comicus unclos'd his eyes,
Than he prepar'd for further enterprize;
And judging of the future, by the past,
Resolv'd to push his fortune to the last:—

" Who knows," cries he, " but ere the close of day
" Dame Fortune may another visit pay?
" For since her smiles so early me attend,
" She means, no doubt, to prove my constant friend;
" 'Tis true she's reckon'd fickle, but what then—
" The fault is not in fortune, but in men—
" They say she's blind—if so 'tis stronger proof
" She'll never see a man who stands aloof—
" And those who her munificence would feel,
" Must always follow close upon her heel."
With such reflections now the Doctor rose,
And push'd his slender legs into his hose;
At length each different part a covering found,
And his bald head with hat and wig was crown'd;
Tip was soon fed, the landlord's bill was paid,
And on to town our hero soon assay'd;—
Yet, still a mighty distance lay between
His wishes and the all important scene!
But hope, that sov'reign check to rude despair,
Outstript his pony, and convey'd him there.
The Doctor to enlarge his narrow views
Of politics, procur'd the morning news;—
While o'er the page he cast his eager eyes,
His muscles risible began to rise;
Books, pills, estates, and even lap dogs too,
In combination strange all met his view;
Here Joey Cuckold, almost broken hearted,
Tells all the world, 'his wife and he are parted;'
'His mark, attested by one Richard Betts,
Declares he never means to pay her debts;'—

Next Lady Languish, with a long parade,
Declares, with grief, 'her favourite pup has stray'd :'
'Livings and deaths,' 'lost,' 'missing,' 'dropt' and
'found,'—
'Left his home late,' and 'driven to the pound,'—
'Wanted immediately',—'to be published soon ;'—
'To clergymen,'—'ascent of a balloon.'
Says Comicus, "one thing seems monstrous strange
"While o'er the public page the eye doth range,
"That all the empty houses should appear
"Near the best roads and most salubrious air ;—
"Or if a benefice appears for sale,
"The incumbent's always sickly, old, and pale ;
"Some want to lend—but 'tis a source of sorrow,
"They ne'er are found by those who want to borrow.—
"Here's marriage, politics, bank prosecutions,
"Charity sermons, novels, executions,—
"Offences, accidents, and informations,
"Preferments high, and courtly degradations,
"Some coming into life, some going out,
"A funeral here, and there again a rout ;
"A living alphabet here you may see,
"Letters addressed to Mr. A, B, C,
"And history's page shall tell a wond'rous deed
"Of Charity performed by X, Y, Z;
"Contending parties worthless tenets prize,
"And each the other's claim to truth denies ;
"Whole columns here with indignation burn,
"And other columns freezing in return."

Thus thought the Doctor, as he jogg'd along,
More than one half mankind are always wrong;
The other half are equally abused,
And have their claim to rectitude refused!

But now the Doctor's thoughts were called away:
A stately mansion just before him lay,
Where neatness, elegance, and art combined,
Proclaim'd an owner of a tasteful mind;—
An ancient oak the verdant lawn adorn'd,
Whose spreading branches long the blast had scorn'd
Its outstretch'd arms, with seeming friendship spread,
Threw round its base a cool inviting shade;
It seemed an emblem of old English times,
Before her sons sought joy in other climes;
When ev'ry Englishman kept open door,
And spread a friendly table for the poor.
Beneath its shade the Doctor soon alighted,
While Tip, with wagging tail, the herbage righted,
Full glad to miss his owner for awhile,
Whose weight he'd carried many a weary mile.

Now Comicus survey'd the mansion oe r,—
And watch'd with eager eyes the pond'rous door;
Not long in doubt the hungry Doctor staid,
For soon out bounced a lively blooming maid

"Fair maid," says Comicus "let me enquire—
"Whether your master's bishop, knight, or squire;

" Or whether, bless'd with such a large domain
" He can a courteous stranger entertain ?"—

" 'Tis vain," she cried, " for master to enquire
" This house contains no bishop, knight, or squire ;
" A maiden lady dwells beneath the roof,
" And wags surname her, ' Lady Logic-proof:'
" Her ladyship has sent me out to say
" She should be happy of your company ;
" Already now she waits for you within,
" So with your leave, sir, I'll conduct you in."
The Doctor's joy now sparkled in his eyes:—
For such high honours filled him with surprize,
Propitious fortune seem'd again to smile,
And schemes of honour now his thoughts beguile.
The Doctor raised his crest, look'd wondrous big
Prim'd up his frill, and fresh arranged his wig,
Bow'd twice or thrice with a peculiar grace,
And towards the mansion walk'd with pompous pace.

The lady, whom our readers ought to know
Had reached maturity some years ago,.
Nature had bent her 'gainst the other sex,
By forming of her spine a huge convex :
'Twas her misfortune never to be married,
And yet no mean protuberance she carried ;
Nor e'er could she a proper suitor find,
Altho' the curve o fbeauty lurk'd behind ;
Besides her fortune which was very great,
Her portly frame was quite a large estate.

Full many a beau had try'd her hand to gain,
Not for her person—but her large domain,
But as she reasoned wisely, " like loves like, "
And felt convinced her person could not strike,
She vow'd no sordid wretch her hand should gain
But that a Spinster she'd through life remain.
One half the miseries of wedded life
Spring from the parties not being man and wife ;
Deceit and flattery, which the hand obtain,
Assume a passion which they can't maintain ;
And cold indifference, or deadly hate,
Brings them to reason when it is too late :
But when the mind resigns connubial joys,
And seeks for pleasure in inferior toys,
'Tis strange what little things the mind can ease;—
A favourite lap dog, or a cat can please ;
And these choice pleasures had our lady found,
Feline and canine race, by turns surround ;
Miss Julia, Chloe, Martha, Romp, and Bess,
By turns received the pat and the caress.
Not less than twenty favourites lin'd the floor,
When Comicus was ushered to the door :
Chloe and Romp, their angry bristles rais'd,
While all the rest flew round the room amaz'd :—
" Madam I'm happy"—then a low congee—
" To be so fortunate"—then dropt a knee.
" Indeed your ladyship is very kind,
" But pleasures Fortune will for favourites find."
Now Comicus with such politeness big,
Had not perceived his hat contained his wig,

Which now departing from its useless place,
Gave to the curs a most delightful chace.
One seized the crown, another seized the tail,
While strength or courage did by turns prevail
Soon Comicus found out, amidst their wars,
His wig, however strong, would gain some scars,
And thought that once for all he'd try his best,
From such ill-manner'd curs the prize to wrest
But not perceiving that there lay between
Her Ladyship and wig a three-legg'd screen,
In eager haste to snatch the prize away,
Lady and screen at once before him lay.
Screaming and yelping instantly succeed,
While Comicus the spoil from contest freed :
At length, recovering from his first surprize,
He help'd her trembling Ladyship to rise :—
" Madam," says he, " this accident may shew,
" What one mistaken step will sometimes do ;
" 'Tis strange the dogs by whom you are beset,
" Should know so little about etiquette.
" If pups with wigs are once allowed to sport,
" Farewell to all solemnity at court ;
" Indeed 'twould ruin quite one half the nation,
" If wigs could not command respect for station ;
" And 'tis essential ; for the sake of ton,
" That they should be respected, off or on ;—
" For since it may be demonstrated plain,
" Wigs are not oft a covering for brain,
" 'Tis necessary they should be ador'd,
" For that profundity with which they're stor'd,

" That vulgar people may be sometimes led
" To think a wig a substitute for head."

The lady, now safe seated in her chair,
Replied, " I think your reasoning's very fair
" Indeed, I own, I thought at the first sight
" You were a lawyer, and I find I'm right :—
" And I shall henceforth lawyers always fear,
" If they should dare approach me when they're bare ;
" For sure there's none will argue, but a fool,
" Wigs were not made to keep the senses cool !
Says Comicus, " no covering can impart
" Wisdom to heads, or virtues to the heart ;
" Wisdom and virtue, in the heart are placed,
" By robes not honour'd nor by rags disgraced."
The lady smiled, for she could plainly spy
In Comicus some deep philosophy ;
And 'twas a favourite pastime with her Grace,
To study gravitation's laws, and space ;
She ate and drank by philosophic rule,
And own'd herself of the Newtonian school ;
She'd long lamented that the female race,
Should suffer men to take so high a place
And thought the ladies not a whit behind
The other sex in native strength of mind ;
And vow'd 'twas plain from most minute inspection
That only custom held them in subjection,
(And that 'twas easy, by peculiar plan ;
To prove the weaker vessel was the man.)
But first, before her arguments she tried
The Doctor with refreshments was supplied ;

For he in argument refus'd to join,
Unless o'er sparkling ale or rosy wine.

Refreshed with wine, old Comicus began
To give a short description of his plan;
And gratified the lady's keen desire,
By telling all the merits of his sire,
His own acquirements, and his tutor's fame,
Who to such deep philosophy laid claim;
Then eulogiz'd, with a peculiar grace,
The splendid merits of the female race.
The lady smil'd, well pleas'd in him to find
A man so suited to her soaring mind:
"Pray, sir," his hostess cried, "can you disclose
"The secret why the woman have such foes;
"Or why philosophers have never shewn
"That female minds are equal to their own?"

"No doubt," says Comicus, "the female sex
"Will philosophic knowledge still perplex.
"For learned men essay in vain to tell
"What different faculties in women dwell
"In nations influenc'd by caprice, or pride,
"Their claims to mental power has been denied:
"Where man has gloried in a fierce control
"'Tis boldly argued that they have no soul,
"And lust and cruelty end their disputes
"By coupling nature's ornament with brutes
"But nations that in moral culture rise
"Learn female excellence and worth to prize:

" 'Midst polish'd nations, women hold a place
" Equal, if not superior to our race :
" To the soft texture of the female heart
" Nature its finest feelings can impart;
" And education gives a potent charm
" Which rude philosophy can ne'er disarm ;
" Woman, fast rising from their long disgrace,
" In history's page now find a noble place,
" And sculptur'd marble shall in future show
" What education can for women do.
" The highest glory of the human race
" Is wisdom, sparkling in a woman's face ;
" When 'midst her other charms, this pearl we find,
" She wins the heart and captivates the mind."

" But sure," the lady cries, " good sir you'll own
" Few modern beaus are by such beauties won ;
" And 'tis but few among your sex we find
" Who sacrifice their fancy to their mind."

Says Comicus, " When meaner passions rule,
" Man often proves himself in choice a fool ;
" Youth, 'midst its impetus much caution needs,
" For winter's cold to summer's heat succeeds ;
" Three different seasons wedded life will bring,
" Winter will follow summer, summer spring ;
" The beauties which in spring appear so gay
" Will bloom in summer, and then die away.
" Here every generous feeling must expire
' If only passion keep alive the fire ;

" 'Tis those alone who mental union know
" Midst age's frost, can feel affection's glow,
" And still retain the sovereign charm to please,
" 'Midst pain, infirmity, and fierce disease;
" A second crop of beauties here shall bloom,
" To sooth the dreary passage to the tomb
" And leave no wish (if either wishes have)
" But to be laid together in the grave."

How swiftly glide along the passing hours
When kindred souls unite their social powers
But spite of morals, now the Doctor knew
'Twas time that he his journey should pursue,
Besides, he very plainly could discover
The lady's questions would not soon be over;
For she, like other ladies who could reason,
Thought conversation never out of season;
And dropt a hint, just as she went along,
How fast fresh subjects on her mind could throng.
He'd waited long in very great suspense
To say a word or two in his defence;
But no such lucky cadence e'er occur'd,
Nor could he for his soul get in a word:—
" Madam," says he, " I pray let me be heard"—
" Yes, certainly—but just another word;"
" I'm sorry that I can't be longer staying, —
" Use your own pleasure, sir, I was just saying,"
" Yes, madam, you were 'saying,'—but you know
" I still have many a lonely mile to go;
" But should I chance to come again this way,
" I hope to make your Grace a longer stay,

" For from your conversation I can find
" We each possess a kindred soul and mind;
" Can only say, long may this stately roof
" Remain of friendship and of sense a proof
" May hospitality still hold her reign,
" Whoe'er's the owner of this wide domain,
" And future strangers in this mansion find,
" The same benevolent and lofty mind.'
With low congee the Doctor bounc'd away,
He knew the perils of a longer stay;
A moment's parley might have cost him dear,
Nor would h turn again till he was clear;
And safely on his pony's back replaced
Had to the beaten road his path retraced.

But now the Doctor as he jogged along
Began to reason on a woman's tongue,
" Long was it deemed, (thought he,) a foolish notion
" For man to seek for the perpetual motion,
" But sure there's nothing that can come so near,
" As female tongues when we are doom'd to hear,
" And 'twill remain a secret to the last.
" Why nature gave the power to talk so fast,
" Unless it is when argument's denied
" They are with this auxiliary supplied,
" To be a sort of female counterpoise,
" To overcome objection, with a noise;
" Rivers, and streams, at times may meet obstructions,
" And even mighty seas have their defluctions,
" But women's tongues when once we have offended,
" Will cease no more till all their strength's expended.

" And yet 'twere well that man should know the powers
" Of that fair sex—so requisite to ours ;
" And learn to manage so divine a thing,
" To touch the sweet, and pass the jarring string.
" A husband's smile is all a woman's pride,
" Yet still that cheap request is oft denied ;
" And man, stern man, with cold, despotic sway,
" Will frown the smiling suppliant away."

With such reflections, Comicus pursu'd
His journey, till a distant spire he view'd,
Whose lofty turrets first the traveller sees
Above the summit of the nodding trees :
Nature with lively foliage seem'd to smile
With guardian beauties round the gothic pile ;
The setting sun with half effulgent fire
Cast his faint beams upon the gilded spire ;
Romantic beauties as he nearer drew
Open'd, in rich abundance to his view
The stately yew tree, split by many a storm,
Shaded the mossy seat and friendly form,—
A rustic dial o'er the porch was seen,
While a few sheep were nibbling o'er the green ;
A death-like stillness reign'd o'er all around,
(Fit emblem of the tenants of the ground,)
Save when the screech owl's voice from belfry high
Fill'd all the porches with her echoing cry ;
Here Comicus to rest his pony's feet,
Beneath the shady yew tree took his seat,
While o'er the grass grown hills he cast his eyes
And soon began again to moralise :—

" In vain," said he, " do fond survivors raise
" These humble tablets to bespeak our praise;
" For hungry time as jealous of the deed,
" With gnawing tooth on monuments will feed;
" One age's dust heaped on another lies,
" And human strength and memory defies;
" This church herself already feels his hand,
" Her massy stones are crumbling into sand."

But while the Doctor musing sat alone,
Beneath his seat he heard a human groan;
Which sounding 'midst the hollow caves and stones,
Was echoed back in thousand fancied moans,
A rustling wind that moment through the trees
Brought Comicus at once upon his knees;
Another groan more son'rous than the first,
To him like thunder from the settle burst;
Fain he'd have cry'd, but no, his tongue was still,
While rattling teeth went like a water mill;
And now, the sky with clouds was overcast,
And forked lightnings his pale visage pass'd,
The rattling thunder sounding through the dome,
Fill'd with the awful echo every tomb.
Tho' drench'd with rain the Doctor could not rise,
But knelt with looks directed to the skies;
The wind had carried hat and wig away,
Prone at his feet his gold nobb'd bamboo lay,
His head as white as any Alpine snows,
His pallid cheeks and long projecting nose

Looked like a painted post, or marble stone,
Or monstrous turnip with a surplice on:
Soon all was hushed, the clouds had left the skies,
And Comicus once more assay'd to rise,
"O ale," cried he, "thou charm for every fear,
"All would be well if I but had thee here,
"Bold is the ghostly form that ere presumes
"To come within the province of thy fumes,
"And I'm resolv'd if any ghost comes nigh
"The magic of thy much lov'd name to try."—
"Who's there," a voice beneath the settle cries,
Which made the Doctor quickly raise his eyes,
"Do'nt think with your strange gibberish to vex one,
"I tell you I'm old Billy Jones, the sexton."
"Satan avaunt," cried Comicus,—"'tis strange
"That ghosts should love in early hours to range—
"I charge you in the sov'reign name of ale,
"That you this instant leave your shadowy tail."
But ah, ill fated word! the very sound
That should have laid his ghostship under ground,
Was just the thing that suited Billy's mind,—
Where ale was foaming he was ne'er behind;—
Quick from the earth he rose, affording proof
How much he longed to taste the potent stuff.
It happened on that day, the overseers
Had met to pay parochial arrears,
And after auditing the annual score,
They eat a dinner to befriend the poor;
Poor Jones had swallowed so much parish beer,
He lost his way and dropt in silence here.

At length his wandering eyes began to trace,
The frightful anguish of the Doctor's face,
Whose rolling orbs deep sinking in his head,
Gave him a look not much unlike the dead;
Like lightning from the awful spot he flew,
Screaming and stumbling all the church-yard through:—
"Stay, stay," the Doctor cries, but all in vain—
The frighten'd sexton ne'er looked back again;
Breathless at last he reached his welcome door,
Altho' his house was full two miles or more,—
O'ercome with fright he sunk upon the ground,
"I've seen a ghost," he cries, and gaz'd around;
Now cooling water down his temples flows,
And pungent hartshorn comforted his nose,
While all the neighbours crowded round to hear
What dismal scene had filled him with such fear.
At length the sexton wildly rais'd his eyes,
Which were at all times of no common size,
And gazing round the room seem'd half afraid
Lest he should see again the ghastly shade;
"Dear wife," said he, "you've often heard me say,
"No ghost should ever make me coward play,
"But never will I pass through church-yard ground
"While any other path is to be found."
"O Billy," cries his spouse, you've sure been drinking,
"Or else you'd ne'er about a ghost be thinking,—
"'Tis strange tho' forty years you've pass'd that way
"You've never seen a goblin 'till to day,
"'Tis but a foolish fancy in your brain,
"'Twill teach you wisdom when you drink again,

" There's not much fear that such an ugly elf
" Would see a form more frightful than himself;
" Some tree or bush was all that met your view—
" Such drunken mortals ne'er know what they do:"
" Women I know," says Bill, " are always wise,
" But after all you say I'll trust my eyes;
" It was a living thing, I heard it say,
" 'Stop, stop, my friend, why do you run away?' "
" He's a poor ghost that can't keep pace with you,"
His wife replies, " that story can't be true:"
" 'Twas ten feet high," said Bill, " without a wig,
" And full as white as any scalded pig;"
" A ghost without a wig (the dame replies)
" Is sure no matter for such vast surprise,
" A ghost that wears a wig must be a fool,
" 'Tis wholly useless to a head so cool;
" Besides 'twould not reward him for his pains,
" An apparition can't have many brains."

But now the story like a snow ball rolled
And gathered something every time 'twas told,
Till half the village, with united mind,
Resolv'd to try if they the ghost could find;
A motley group with different weapons ply'd,
Determined they would have their courage try'd,—
But tho' they started with such life away,
They little thought 'twould end in such dismay.
The sexton too the smiling party join'd,
But took the liberty to walk behind.

Meantime, the Doctor found the ghost was clay,
And gather'd courage as it ran away,
Blam'd his weak nerves, which had so soon been shaken,
And own'd for once he had been quite mistaken;
But now what gave him still far greater pain,
His peruke and his hat he'd sought in vain.
Upon a hill the fatal yew tree stood,
And at its base there brawl'd a rapid flood,
Here hat and wig by accident convey'd,
Had long ere this a prosperous voyage made,—
And Comicus worn out with fright and care,
Determined to the village to repair.
Old Tip, whose single eye was never framed
For supernatural views, his post retained,
Nipping with unconcern the grassy blade,
Regardless of the havoc time had made;
His pyeball'd master towards him now drew,
And once more on his back his carcase threw;
And as he for the village bent his way,
Curs'd that romantic taste which made him stray.

Mean time the motley group, devoid of fear,
Came boldly on, nor thought the ghost so near;
Nature from heaven her golden lamp had drawn,
And Comicus 'midst dusky night rode on,
So fill'd with thoughts upon his late affray
He heeded not the party or their way;
But as the rustics towards the church-yard drew,
Before its gloom their boasted courage flew;

No bursts of laughter or of mirth resound,
But gentle, timid whispers now went round.
At length the sexton, with a cautious eye,
The Doctor's naked nob could plainly spy;
And as in sober state it mov'd along
It struck a panic through the gazing throng,—
Till each by turns retreating from the sight,
Sought his own safety in a rapid flight;
Back to the village now they quickly drew,
And all declared the sexton's story true;
Old men and children on the adventurers gazed,
Some hid their faces, and some look'd amazed.
At length unanimously 'twas agreed,
The parson should be sent for with all speed,—
That he from all their fears should set them free
By sending Mr. Ghost to the red sea.
Now Comicus, altho' his stern grimace
Had fill'd with gloom each feature of his face,
Yet nothing doubted, tho' his head was bare,
To gain respect and honor every where.—
How often mortals trusting their own eyes,
Admire themselves for what the world despise,
And think the graces in themselves they view,
With the same eyes are seen by others too;
But no man to himself should homage pay,
Till he has heard what others think and say;
For even slander with her foul abuses,
Rightly improved, may have important uses.
The Doctor as he towards the village drew,
Of all these sad disasters nothing knew;

And tho' he still lamented hat and wig,
Thought he'd endeavour to look wondrous big:
But he no sooner caught the rustics' eye,
Than they like frighten'd sheep began to fly.
And now unluckily old Tip perceiv'd,
'Twas likely here his back would be reliev'd,
And stopping short before the painted swan,
Proclaimed, with sounding neigh, his journey done:
In vain the wigless knight his courage tried,
Old Tip his mighty energies defied:
Nor blows nor logic made the least impression,
And Comicus was forced to make concession;
Alighting from his back with due submission,
He tried, but 'twas in vain to gain admission:
For fortune to be frolicsome once more—
Had brought him to the frightened sexton's door,
Here long he knock'd, for Billy's helpmate flew
Up to the window just to take a view,
The trembling sexton cautiously drew near—
Behind his wife he thought he'd nought to fear,
" In Peter's name (cries he,) who holds the keys,
" And can a ghost lock up whene'er he please,
" I charge thee now to ease thy troubled breast
" And say what accident disturbed thy rest."
The Doctor thought 'twas wondrous that the host
Could not discern a mortal from a ghost,
But deemed it best for private ends to try,
And wait an explanation by and by;
Thus said the Doctor, " banish all your fears,
"No ghost before your window now appears,

"I'm come with you the evening to spend,
"Open your doors you'll only find a friend;
"I've travelled many a weary mile to day,
"And here my horse and I intend to stay."
The sexton finding all his fears were vain,
Resolved the stranger should admission gain:
For Jones tho' trembling still, was glad to find,
A customer so suited to his mind,
Begged thousand pardons for his foolish fear,
And said no publican sold better beer:
Old Tip, soon to the stable was conveyed,
The tap room fire was stirred—the cloth was laid,
And Comicus soon found his strength renewed,
With eggs and bacon, and some good home brewed;
The ignited pipe now raised its curly fumes,
And each affrighted guest his seat resumes:
For tho' they viewed the Doctor's form with fear,
Twas flesh and blood, however odd and queer,
The sexton soon related all the tale,
And proved the ghost that turned the Doctor pale;
While Comicus was equally delighted
To think how much the sexton had been frighted,
But both acknowledged they had no defence,
For want of fortitude is want of sense:—
Thus hope still urged the anxious Doctor on,
And brighter shone with each declining sun,
Till, overcome with the enchanting scene,
He sunk in balmy sleep and snored serene.
But while the cheerful glass went busy round,
The sexton heard his master's well known sound:

To lay the ghost he'd come, but as 'twas dark,
He'd brought for safety the old parish clerk ;
Two better souls ne'er travelled cheek by jole,
To smoke a pipe or drain a flowing bowl,
But as their honors had laid in a store
Of parish punch, they needed little more :—
Full two long hours without a gate or stile
It took these loiterers to walk a mile ;
For many ups and downs oft man must meet
Whose feet can't guide his head, nor head his feet :
The vicar's face look'd like a red hot shot,
And such rotundity of paunch he'd got,
That when 'twas stretch'd by a sufficient potion
'Twas like a mash tub blessed with locomotion :—
He one thing had peculiar to his race,
Where'er he was he always filled his place :
On no occasion was he ever light,
But always carried a superior weight :
Full many a carbuncle upon his nose,
In spite of spectacles in triumph rose.
One eye as if affrighted at the sight,
Had long refused to open on the light,
And t' other feeling indignation rise,
Had with its efforts swelled its native size,
And seemed as if 'twould make the adage true,
One eye can oft discern much more than two.
No sooner was the vicar fairly seated,
Than Comicus his one eyed reverence greeted ;
For he considered it a general rule,
That every one eyed parson was a fool,

And as he deemed it requisite to keep
One eye for tithe, and t' other for the sheep,
He thought 'twas hard in such an awkward plight,
To keep the benefice and flock in sight.
The vicar viewed the Doctor with surprise,
And felt a thousand different feelings rise;
Each eyed the other with a different mind,
While the old clerk stood panic struck behind;
A greater contrast he had never seen,
Or better specimens of fat and lean.
Right glad the vicar was to find the ghost
With all its terrors was completely lost,
And he resolved to banish every fear,
And drown the subject in a draught of beer.
Says Comicus, " your reverence may perceive,
" How small an accident may man deceive;
" But let us crown the frolics of the day
" By proving that our tenements are clay."
By turns the song, the joke the glee went round,
'Till clerk and sexton stretched upon the ground,
And soon each guest by powerful ale was floored
And on the hearth in general circuit snor'd;—
Forth from his pocket now the Doctor drew
His log book of the past to take a view,
And enter down the items of the way,
To feast his intellects another day;
Says Comicus, " this unpropitious day
" May by to morrow's joys be chased away;
" For summer's stormy clouds but clear the sky,
" And usher in a bright serenity:—

Thus hope still urged the anxious Doctor on,
And brighter shone with each declining sun,
Till overcome with the enchanting scene,
He sunk in balmy sleep, and snored serene.

Canto the Fourth.

"At the dead of the night imperial reason sleeps
"And fancy with her train loose vigils keeps."

DRYDEN.

Should sages ask what human sorrow is?—
This question gives the answer, what is bliss?
Some fancied loss or some expected gain,
Creates our pleasures, or inflicts our pain;—
Our joys and sorrows, are too often found
The false productions of a mind unsound,
The necessary ills that mortals know
Are few amidst the bulk of human woe;
Our real pleasures are in numbers small
'Tis fancy pains or captivates us all.
He that would walk through life's capricious vale,
Not falsely flushed, nor without reason pale,
Must learn to moderate his hopes and fears,
And leave futurity till it appears.—
How often man takes up a useless load,
And bears it long upon a beaten road,
Until the dreaded hour goes lightly by
Without a shadow of calamity,
And then too late, he finds that all his pain
Arose from prescience criminal and vain;

But Comicus had always held it right,
To keep the next day's troubles out of sight,
And not to' encrease his modicum of sorrow
By useless speculations on the morrow.

Once more the cheerful sun with vigorous ray
Darted on drowsy man the beam of day,
The modest stars withdrew their friendly light,
And hid their twinklings 'midst effulgence bright;
The blushing rose bud lost its dewy tears,
The crocus started from its midnight fears,
The sprightly lark, swift rising from the corn,
With lively song proclaimed the joyous morn,
Elate with beauty, Nature seemed to stand,
Clothed in fresh livery from her Maker's hand.
The Doctor from his slumbers now awoke
And round his chamber cast an anxious look,
For as he half-sleeping had been straight conve y'd
By his kind hostess to an attic bed,
He could not guess by what unconscious power,
He'd climbed so high above the tap room floor:
Says Comicus, "there's many of our race,
"Who grope through darkness to a lofty place:
"And wonder greatly 'midst the public glare,
"What unknown accident has placed them there;
"When merit only guides promotion's way,
"The slightest accident may cause delay,
"Folly and vice the world will deign to own,
"While modest merit dies without a stone."

But while the Doctor moralizing lay,—
And forming projects for the coming day,
It quickly flashed like lightning cross his mind,
That his old hat and wig were left behind :—
Nor could he loose a wig without a tear
Endeared by time (what will not time endear?);
But Comicus well knew that human grief
Could give to mortals but a poor relief,
And thought 'twas best if one thing was denied,
To get its place immediately supplied ;
Besides he knew no evil was so great
But something worse might still have been his fate ;—
And blessed his stars that hat and wig had gone,
Into the foaming mill stream, quite alone :
Nor could he think without becoming dread
'Twere well his wig had not contained his head.
'Midst human losses much will oft depend
On which side troubles our reflections tend :
The mind's a telescope whose different views
Swell or diminish all our mortal woes ;
'Tis wise in sorrow to invert the glass,
And lessen difficulties as they pass :—
Such fortitude our wigless hero knew,
Before his mighty reasonings troubles flew,
For he could analyze the greatest ill,
And strip it of its pungency at will,
Till but a shadow merely left behind,
'Twas blown away like chaff before the wind ;
For Comicus had long with pious hate
Rejected the absurd belief of fate,

And thought that doctrine impious and vain,
Which made man passive like a mere machine;
If man, thought he, was passive in the deed,
Virtue or vice might equally succeed;
For evil purposes might rightly end,
And good and and evil thus be made to blend.
Indeed old Comicus could clearly see
All nature favoured man's activity,
And that 'twas vain on Hercules to cry,
Unless a man did first his shoulders ply;
For scarce an evil which mankind annoys
But with it brings a sovereign counterpoise;
Poisons and antidotes together grow,
One hand must pluck the balm for 'tother's woe;
He that sinks down with sorrow to the ground,
For ever pressed with sorrows will be found,
While he who exercises strength of mind,
May live to see his sorrows far behind.

The Doctor now descending from his roost,
Began to make enquiries of his host
If any hat or periwig was nigh,
That might his present exigence supply?
But 'twas not many tonsors that could keep
A wig so wide as his, or one so deep,—
For none but those of the chirurgic race,
Would with such length adorn a shallow place;
But who can wonder at a lawyer's gains,
When half his back seems to contain his brains?

In vain the Doctor searched the village o'er,
No wig was found with either rich or poor;
For so disgusting was the very sound,
That not a wig in all the place was found;
For radicals lived here in all their glory,
And every man professed himself a tory;
But Comicus knew better than to reason
With those who thought true loyalty high treason,
And tho' in politics he was well skilled,
And had his head with arguments well filled,
He knew 'twas useless ever to persuade
Those who made noise and discontent their trade;
He thought if heaven ne'er gave a sovereign law
But man endeavoured to seek out a flaw,
That 'twas no wonder if the wisest king
Could not his subjects to obedience bring.
The Doctor was not either Wig or Tory,
No slave to sect, for freedom was his glory;
He knew that slavery to mere opinion
Was all that constituted man a minion,
And those who never condescend to change,
Must on the wrong side very often range.
He loved his king, his country, and her laws,
That little spot which distant nations awes.
'The king, God bless him,' was his favourite toast,
Old English blood the Doctor's veins could boast;
His ancestors had bled in freedom's cause,
When Britain trembled at intestine foes:—
"Long," says old Comicus, "may angels wait
"To guard the sacred pillars of the state;"

" Long may a guardian fire her walls surround,
" Weak and defenceless may her foes be found ;
" Long may the mighty sea in triumph bear
" Her navy round the idol of her care,
" And while the glistering waves on Albion beat,
" Within may peace and freedom hold her seat;
" England shall make each foreign foeman rue
" If England to herself shall be but true."

And now old Jones with smiling face drew nigh,
And roused the Doctor from his reverie ;
His wife with care had search'd the building o'er,
And had not left unturned a single store;
In a retired corner she had found
A wig, whose owner long lay under ground,—
In triumph down she bore the welcome prize,
And placed it full before the Doctor's eyes ;
Old Time had rolled a century away,
Since first in form of wig it saw the day,—
Alternately had time and art prevailed,
Till every part was equally assailed;
Indeed, the texture had been found so frail,
Nought was original except the tail,—
More changes an old wig had never seen,
For round the world 'twas said that it had been ;
Its birth place was in Wales, but it was stated,
It very soon to England had migrated ;—
'Twas said it once adorn'd a magistrate,
And served to cover many a parson's pate;

For twenty years it was a gazing stock
In barber's window, covering a block,
And had by village boys been dragged away
To grace an image on Guy Faux's day;
Its wigship had been mighty in its day,
For frightening all the rooks and crows away;
But man, ungrateful for its every deed,
Had shut it up, the greedy moths to feed;
Like some old veteran, who has long retir'd
From war's alarms, but feels his bosom fir'd
By some new project that requires his skill,
And even in age prepares for further toil;
So spite of time's decay, the wig was made
Once more a covering for a human head.
Those who had once beheld the Doctor's face,
And reasoned *a priori* in the case,
Might have supposed no adventitious dress
Could ever tend to make his beauty less;
But tho' the sexton's wife tried to dissemble,
She laugh'd most stoutly at his *tout ensemble;*
No sooner on his head the wig was tossed,
Than Comicus' lean face was nearly lost,—
Had not his nose projecting from between,
Marked out the spot near which it should be seen;
With Jones's hat our hero now supplied,
He once more on his pony got astride,
And having thanked his host for every care,
Began for greater business to prepare;
With lusty shake he bid his host good day,
And towards a neighbouring town he bent his way:

For three miles round the villagers assembled
To see the form at which they lately trembled;
With lusty shouts the rustics rent the sky
As Comicus in mighty state rode by;
Nor did he doubt but all their din and noise,
Was ominous of still far greater joys;—
'Tis strange the wisest men should sometimes be
Blind to those faults which others plainly see;
No great design can ever plead excuse
For personal neglect, or morals loose;
However great a man's design may be,
He's still a member of society;
And wisdom soon must fall to disrepute,
If it but tended to make man a brute;
Wisdom was never destined to exempt
A man from etiquette and compliment;
He who is much admired for what he knows,
Should be admired also for what he does;
And by attention to domestic plan,
Prove with his knowledge, he is still a man:
Some will assume a haughty, stern demean,
While others slovens in their dress are seen;
Others appear so much absorbed in thought,
They neither talk, or reason, as they ought,—
And hence disciples of our modern schools,
In all but one thing, act and speak like fools.
"Wisdom is justified of all her sons,"
When she a steady rule of life becomes;
But these strange habits which we so much prize,
The world will laugh at, and the wise despise;

Age is not free from error more than youth,
Pusillanimity belongs to both;—
Youth has its native weakness, but in age
Experience should have made the child a sage;
Infirmity a second childhood brings,
But mental childhood every bosom stings;
'Tis not long life, but observation gives
A dignified importance to our lives;
He who learns nothing in life's busy school,
Will live unnoticed, and must die a fool,
And on his tomb, in spite of human pride,
His proper epitaph's—"He lived and died."
Now Comicus forgot that threescore years
Had left him far behind in his arrears,
But seemed as big with honour and renown
As if his youthful hours were still his own,
Projected schemes for many years to come,
Tho' threescore years and ten are mortals' doom.
That youth should purpose does not much surprise,
When seeming length of days before them lies;
But he who in the evening strives for fame,
Will find his hours too short the prize to gain;
Scheme after scheme in rich succession come,
Till hoary plodding mortals reach the tomb!
In life's great drama each his part must play,
The greatest bane of man is his delay;
Each hour we plan, and purpose, and surmise,
Till man unblest without improvement dies.

Now Comicus had left the noisy clan,
And soon again to meditate began;
For as he to a lofty summit drew,
A thousand beauties opened to his view;
Nor could he gaze upon the scene around,
Without indulging feelings most profound;
There nature seemed to smile in all her pride,
While the old ocean washed the beachy side,
Meridian sun beams caught the briny store,
And dropt in ambient pearls upon the shore;
Wide o'er the watery waste he cast his eyes,
Till its green waves seemed sporting with the skies;
The foaming surge came hastening in to land,
To meet destruction on the yellow strand,—
Each swelling wave impelled its fellow on,
Impatient till it had its journey done:
Says Comicus, " this rolling tide might say,
" Behold how generations pass away!
" The race of man like waves in ocean bore,
" Swell for a moment, and soon reach the shore.
" Life's but a billow, dancing on the sea,
" A bubble, floating in eternity;
" Like waves succeeding generations fly,
" Swell in life's stormy sea, and quickly die:"—
Thus man reflects, when sober moments rule,
Yet still in all but thought he acts the fool;
Again he plunges into life's gay stream,
Ponders a moment—and forgets the theme.

Again old Tip was urged upon his way,
Time was too precious to admit delay;
The Doctor's mind already was in town,
And horse and body gently followed on,
But soon the vaulted sky so late serene,
With full charged clouds benighted all the scene;
O'er nature's face a funeral pall was cast,
The oak stood trembling to receive the blast;
The lowing cattle sought the covered shade,
Assembled groups, instinctively afraid;
The feathered songsters sought the friendly grove,
Or to the trembling hawthorn quickly drove;
The birds of night sent forth a piercing cry,
The frightened sheep across the meadows fly;
At length the rain in mighty torrents flows,
And ran in streams adown the Doctor's nose;
Four story high his monstrous wig was curled,
From which the rain in cataracts was hurled;
His boots which long to grasp his legs had tried,
Were now with rainy water well supplied,
And as the Doctor on his stirrups pressed,
Prov'd with hydraulic powers they were possessed;
His wig well soaked began with kindly grace
To shew a strong affection for his face,
And clung so close each side the Doctor's chin
That e'en his nose found covering within.
How soon the fairest prospects pass away,
And darkest night succeeds the brightest day!
But Comicus e'en now some comfort drew
As round his neck his coat he quickly threw:—

Says he, " 'tis well to view our troubles right,
" And keep the end of all our woes in sight;
" The sharpest storms ere long will have an end,
" And sooner cease when heaviest rains descend.
" The time when mortals yield to black despair,
" Is oft when they for pleasure should prepare;
" Had they but cast their drooping eyes around,
" Already might the silver sky be found,
" A sure presage that bids the spirits cheer,
" And tells the wretch his sky will soon be clear.
" Submission is the antidote to woe,—
" The '*friendly steel*,' forsooth—our greatest foe;
" The meanest coward may from dangers fly,
" The brave alone achieve a victory;
" Through hosts of foes the general fights his way,
" Despises death 'midst battle's fierce array;—
" Yet he in pride will tarnish his bright shield,
" The fatal trigger pull and quit the field.
" He who can smile when thundering cannons roar,
" Must die if faithless fortune make him poor;
" Black suicide's the stain of England's coast,
" The ruffian's pride, the rude barbarian's boast;
" The demon that despises infant claims,
" A parent's tear, a tender partner's pains;
" A double crime, which throws its load of grief
" On innocents who seek from him relief;
" Ah! let the child, the wife, the parent plead,
" Before the trembling hand performs the deed."
So Comicus beneath the pelting storm
Apostrophized until his heart grew warm,

For twice the water that would drown a fool
Could not the Doctor's resolutions cool;
His courage always with his troubles rose,
And made him triumph over all his foes.

But now another trouble came to hand,
Which once more put our hero to a stand;
For just before a gloomy forest lay,
Which warned the Doctor he had missed his way;
Here Comicus to take a view around,
Opened his well closed wig with face profound;
One narrow path was all the Doctor saw,
But e'en from this he could some comfort draw,
For as there was no room for human choice,
To follow seemed obeying nature's voice;
'Tis sometimes easier when we mortals stray,
To 'scape the danger than to choose the way,
'Midst various roads and kind adviser's care,
Man ponders till delay has fixed him there;
He who stands idle till his friends agree,
Or vainly hopes for unanimity,
Must start at least without a solid rule,
And find himself a mere adviser's tool.
Not long the Doctor journey'd through the wood
Before two men with pointed pistols stood,
And having vented on him many a curse,
Advised him quietly to yield his purse;
For 'midst the wanderings of that gloomy wood
A mighty conqueror's lonely mansion stood,

And 'twas reported when he went abroad
He carried with him his ill gotten hoard;
Four weeks in ambush did the ruffians lay,
Hoping the conqueror would come that way,
But luckless fortune brought the Doctor nigh,
The soldier's lucky absence to supply.
So eager were the rogues to seize their prize,
Our well drenched hero soon before them lies,
But having searched in vain his person o'er,
Conceived his saddle bags contained his store,
And straight decamping with their fancied prize
Left Comicus half dead alone to rise.
The Doctor soon perceived he was not dead,
First felt his pulse—then sighed and shook his head;
His coat unequal to the fierce attack,
Had more than half departed from his back;
Round his bald pate the friendly briars twined,
And left full many a crimson mark behind:
Just as some mariner upon the shore
Picks up some fragments of a vessel's store,
Comicus his hat and wig secured,
Thankful that e'en a portion was restored.
His friendly cane lay near him on the ground,
Which Comicus picked up with grace profound;
And striking through the wood, soon hoped to find
Some better friends than those he'd left behind.
Old Tip, unconscious of the late affray,
Had gently nibbled the surrounding spray,
And finding that his back was somewhat eased,
Was with the frolic not a little pleased.

Soon Comicus to moralise began:
" Surely the greatest foe to man is man,
" By nature brothers, but by practise foes,
" The instigators of each other's woes!
" Ah, were but man from selfish passions freed,
" Were but benevolence his only creed,
" Again the tree of life would quickly rise,
" Again the world become a paradise."

While thus engaged and heaving many a sigh,
A gothic building met the Doctor's eye;
Its mouldering walls round which the ivy twined,
Gave more of ease than comfort to the mind;
Nature seemed kindly to have lent her aid,
And threw around the ruin awful shade.
Here the tall briars in luxuriant pride
Choaked up the passages on either side,
And seemed to whisper in the traveller's ear,
'The human race are but intruders here.'
O'er the hugh porch some ornaments were seen,
Tho' many an awful chasm lay between;
The broken pillars that still held the dome,
Threatened the curious with a sudden tomb,
While chattering rooks, a fierce and sable clan,
Proclaimed it now no residence for man.
The Doctor here alighting from his steed,
Left him upon the high grown grass to feed,
And having viewed the massy building o'er,
Ventured towards the thickly studded door;

A spacious hall now met his eager sight,
Whose top was pervious to the rays of light;
In deep recesses stood secure from time,
The busts of warriors of the Norman line;
Close to the hall some sacred relics lay,
Of saints who had been worshiped in their day;
The frail divinities of monkish times,
When England was the slave of other climes.
A spacious yard behind the hall was seen,
Where many a noble building once had been,
And as the Doctor viewed the relics o'er,
He came in contact with a modern door
Half open, Comicus with eager eyes
Entered a chamber of no common size;
The well filled shelves, low reaching to the floor,
Proclaimed the owner deeply skilled in lore.
An ancient table with provisions spread,
Inspired desires far different from dread;
A side-board that was made in olden times,
Groaned with profusion of the choicest wines.
Here Comicus with wonder stood confest
At such a banquet, yet the only guest;
In vain he called aloud upon his host,
His voice in distant echoes soon was lost.
But what filled Comicus with most dismay,
Was that the sun was hastening on his way,
And darkness in a place so full of dread,
He feared much more than even want of bread;
For tho' in ghostly forms he scarce believed,
He thought 'twas likely he might be deceived,

And wiser men would soon have found a reason
For quitting such a place at such a season.
The Doctor to the well spread table flew,
And quickly towards him a chicken drew;
Then seizing on a cup of generous wine,
Thought best all further business to decline;
But still as dainties rose upon his eyes,
He felt the more reluctant to arise;
And had so oft with blushing wine regaled,
The potent juice o'er all his fears prevailed,
And Comicus at length had dipped so deep,
He sunk forgetful in the arms of sleep,
Till night had covered all the objects round,
With sable darkness and with gloom profound.

This lonely castle had for many years
Filled all the country round with dreadful fears,
For 'twas reported each succeeding night,
That it was haunted by a gloomy sprite.
The owner who resided near the sight,
Resolved for once to set the people right,
And having chosen a courageous band,
He marched against the ghost to make a stand.
The library, which held productions rare,
Had been preserved with a becoming care,
And here it was resolved to pass the hours
Of midnight, spite of all infernal powers,
That every vulgar notion then might cease,
And all the villagers be left in peace.

The jovial band with lighted torches came,
Followed by many a village boy and dame,
For each that deigned to have his courage tried,
With wine and dainties was to be supplied.
Their noisy mirth old Comicus awoke,
Not dreaming for a moment of the joke;
Trembling their flaming torches soon he spied,
And sat with horror almost petrified;
But thought it best to fly while he was able,
And seek a shelter underneath the table.
Soon as the party came up to the door,
The village priest was ushered on before,
That if a ghost should near the passage lie,
His holiness should quickly make it fly;
But spite of faith the parson's every sentence,
Proved that his faith had nearly wrought repentance,
And after many a look that plainly told
The shepherd was the weakest of the fold,
He reached his chair and with becoming grace
Invited every hero to his place.
But now a mighty change the party knew,
As to the table their first comrades drew,
For now the ruling passion of the mind,
Was the dread thought of being left behind:
The spacious chamber was well filled with guests,
And all were happy 'midst their songs and jests,
But as the solemn moment quick drew on
When the great clock should strike the hour of one,
The noise and bustle gently died away,
Each waiting for the sound with some dismay;

While Comicus quite wearied of his seat,
Resolved to be the hero of the feat;
And try for once amidst the boasting clan,
If ghost could find a substitute in man;
Indeed, had but their ghostships ever tried
To get their place by mortal man supplied,
No son of Adam ever bid so fair,
To serve as proxy in a case so rare.
Had Endor's witch, forsooth, by magic power,
Raised such a form in some unlucky hour,—
The form and visage would have made her yield,
And leave her own production in the field:
Indeed, if white could still be whiter made,
The Doctor had that adventitious shade;
Nor mountains covered with eternal snow,
Could be more free from any human glow.
The clock struck one, and as its solemn sound
Traversed in echo all the building round;
The table moved, and each affrighted guest
As cowards to the other stood confest:
"Our Father," says the priest, "may heaven defend us,
"No more upon such errands shall they send us;"
Again it moved, and up the Doctor rose
Like a tall spectre that affrights his foes;
Just at that moment, Tip, with sounding neigh,
Tried through the half closed door to make his way;
His white face soon attracted every eye,
In vain the half dead mortals tried to fly;
The priest forgot his prayers, the clerk his rhymes,
The lawyer thought afresh upon his crimes;

The rustics on their knees in terror cry,
'Twas death to stop, and equal death to fly:—
Says Comicus, "my friends, the form you view
"Is not a ghost, indeed I'm one of you:"
But ah, unlucky words! the frightened curs
In terror cried he will have one of us;
Each eager to escape his fell embrace,
Scattered the plates and dishes o'er the place;
But still poor Tip's white face such terror threw,
Each started back as to the door he drew:
Once more the Doctor ventured to dispute,
He spoke again, and every tongue was mute,
Related all the causes of their fear,
And what strange accident had brought him there:—
"Gents," says old Comicus, I'll quickly prove
"Tho' from beneath I came, I live above,
"If ghost there be he is no friend of mine
"Who dares refuse to pledge his friends in wine;"
Then quickly seizing on a sparkling cup,
Drank to their honours in a long drawn sup.
The party soon discovered that their guest,
In spite of form with flesh and blood was blest,
And gathering round, their new companion greeted,
And begged his Doctorship would soon be seated:
Again the blushing nectar flew around,
And all their terrors were in bumpers drowned;
The Doctor joined in many a pleasant song,
And drew loud plaudits from the gazing throng;
And proved in spite of such a base exterior,
He was in mind by no means their inferior.

The owner of the castle stood confess'd
Quite an admirer of his novel guest,
And Comicus with kindness was invited
To grace his roof as he was thus benighted,
And once more travelling from the castle's gloom
Soon found a far more comfortable home.

Canto the Fifth.

" Fortune a goddess is to fools alone,
" The wise are always masters of their own."
DRYDEN.

Most men awake from sleep with new desires,
And some fresh comfort every day requires,
For such is our dissatisfied estate
That even luxuries new wants create;
The beggar and the king alike desire,
Tho' monarchs may to loftier hopes aspire;
The principle's the same, both stand confess'd
Alike dissatisfied, alike distress'd.
While Comicus the splendid room surveyed,
His own distress was thus still greater made;
An empty purse and half demolished clothes,
First met his eyes as from his couch he rose:
Would fickle mortals (thought the Doctor) learn
To judge of merit from the inward germ,
These base externals might not then prevent
Their owner from receiving compliment,
But as it is the part of human pride
To take advantage of a mean outside,
Besides the pain of suffering wind and weather,
My hopes and fortune here must sink together:—

" Ah, faithless wig, (quoth he) and faithless coat,
" That have your owner to such meanness brought,
" Had you but waited 'till the heavens had smiled,
" No nail nor handle e'er should have defiled;
" Nor sturdy kitchen maid in triumph bore
" Your valued forms across the' ignoble floor,
" But some clean wardrobe should ye all have shared,
" To which your master would have oft repaired;
" And then from dazzling splendour grateful own
" The faithful services that you had done."
But while old Comicus surveyed them o'er,
His generous host unclosed the chamber door,
And sympathizing with his deep distress,
Resolved to furnish a more comely dress.
The waist of Comicus required no bracing,
No roller, whalebone, buckle, strap, nor lacing;
He was by nature, what a host of fools
To be would hazard squeezing out their souls,
As if ashamed of good old English paunches
They would transfer the burden to their haunches;
And like a walking hour glass would be seen,
Divided by a ligature between.
A pair of trowsers was the first production,
In which his long lean legs found no obstruction,
Their monstrous gatherings on either side
Supplied the calf that nature had denied;
For so complete is modern taylor's skill,
Buckram and wool can any chasm fill;
For want of flesh is reckoned no deficiency
In lands where taylors reach such great proficiency;

Indeed, 'tis very easy by the modern plan,
To make a broomstick represent a man.
No Bond-street buck with agonizing pain,
Such lank proportion ever could obtain.
With deep disdain the Doctor eyed the floor,
Where vile habiliments lay scattered o'er;
And stalking forward with a conscious pride,
Was by his host to grace the parlour led;
Children and servants equally amazed,
Upon his countenance intently gazed;
And shewed by many a wild and vacant stare,
They ne'er before had seen a form so spare.
The Doctor at his host's request began
The outlines of his history to scan,
Related all the parts, as if it were
But the mere prelude to some future care;
Cautious, howe'er, as through the theme he ran,
'Midst all events not to forget the man;
He often dropt a hint of something latent,
That would secure him from the crown a patent;
Proved upon history matters scientific,
And dwelt with rapture on the grand specific;
Called upon chalk stones and Tic Doloureux,
To prove how little Esculapius knew,
And boasted that his genius had found out,
A sovereign remedy to cure the gout;
He proved that science travelling through the schools,
Had quite departed from the ancient rules;
Praised the antiquity of his profession,
From herbs which Adam held in his possession,

Declared that he the hieroglyphics knew,
Which Thoth upon the sacred pillars drew;
And that he owned the plant the Egyptians gave,
Whose wondrous virtues did Ulysses save,
When Circe had the mighty Trojan spelled
And he was in enchantment strongly held;
The Centaur Chiron he could plainly shew,
From herbs alone his wondrous knowledge drew;
And Homer's heroes he declared found ease,
From generous wine and well scraped Cheshire cheese.
While Comicus indulged in speech profound,
Full many a smile amongst the guests went round;
" And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
" That one small head should carry all he knew."
Nor did the Doctor cease 'till he had told
The mysteries of the times, both new and old.

But now again fresh prospects urged him on,
And whispered gently in his ear, " begone;"
Time was too precious to admit delay,
Nor e'en could kindness tempt his longer stay;
His host's kind care his purse once more supplied,
And on old Tip he quickly got astride;
Thankful for every act of kindness shewn,
He waved adieu and gently jogged alone.
Old Tip upon his owner cast his eye,
And seemed to startle when he first came nigh;
For so translated was his outward man,
The faithful horse could scarce his master scan;

The contrast 'tween them was become so great,
'Twas likely greater laughter to create;
For his thick hide in spite of corn and hay,
Closer than ever to his rafters lay;
And as old age insensibly drew on,
Claimed strong affinity with kindred bone.
The Doctor while his own changed form he viewed,
Lamented that his horse was not improved;
And thought (but always with an aching heart)
Necessity, not choice, must make them part;
Ah! oft amidst kind fortune's transient smiles
Unseemly pride the tenderest heart beguiles,
And even friendship captivates no more,
When fortune makes one rich, another poor.
The Doctor as in sober state he rode,
Full many an eulogy on Tip bestowed;
And as the thoughts of parting filled his mind,
Patting his back, seemed more than ever kind.
Unnumbered changes had the Doctor seen,
Since friendly Tip had in his service been;
Together they had oft in plenty shared,
Together often both had hardly fared,
Submissive still old Tip his master bore,
Alike unconscious whether rich or poor;
Ah! let the sycophants that cringe for state,
The parasites attendant on the great,
Learn that 'tis mutual sorrow which must frame
The friendship that deserves the sacred name.
Tears are the pearls that kindred bosoms know,
Meeting in kindred eyes 'midst mutual woe;

Trickling in silence down the glowing ckeek,
Tell all and more than panegyrics speak.

Such feelings (tho' for Tip) the Doctor knew,
As to a famous market town he drew,
Where bustle seemed the order of the day,
And different vehicles choaked up the way.
Here every inn was well supplied with guests,
Saluting Comicus with shouts and jests;
"T. S. for ever," was the general cry,
Extorted from each stranger that rode by;
A boisterous crowd had but that morning sent
A favourite country squire to parliament;
And country bumpkins, spurning the plough tail,
Were quaffing copious draughts of M. P. ale;
Called from the tumbrel, or more dirty station,
To chuse a public leader for the nation,
To play John Bull just for a day or so,
And then go grumbling home again to plough.
As in the Doctor rode, the country folks
Were ripe for playing some mischevous hoax,
And gathering round him with a wild amaze,
Began upon his countenance to gaze.
Indeed a character so complicated,
Stood ev'ry chance of being here ill mated.
A stranger sight no village fair e'er shewed,
For broomstick corpulence, and longitude,—
Half dandy, doctor, ghost, and mountebank,
Quack salver, conjurer, and man of rank!

The Doctor 'midst the people tried to gain
Importance, swinging high his gold nobbed cane,
And tried like other men of consequence,
To gratify his pride at their expense.
Old Tip, more sociable with folks around,
Gazed at the crowd with single eye profound,—
And spite of all the exertions of his master,
At this dread crisis would not travel faster;
For nature had at such a distance placed
The cold propellers that his master graced,
And his bent knees at a right angles rode
O'er pony's head when he received the goad,
Or else one leg on Terra Firma plied,
Acting as fulcrum for the other side;
For Comicus believed the adage true,
And that by demonstration too he knew,
That if one side was urged on to his mind,
The other seldom would be far behind.
But all was vain, old Tip, with steady eye,
A swinging Dolphin now could plainly spy,
And thus for reasons which he ne'er explained,
A fixture at the alehouse door remained.
The Doctor knew full well that his rattan,
Would never make the pony change his plan,
So ceased hostilities with smiling face,
And tried to make necessity a grace.

Near to the inn a stately river flowed,
Crossed by a bridge upon the public road;

Where many a languid horse, freed from the wheels,
At once allayed his thirst and cooled his heels;
To this cold bath the crowd old Tip conveyed,
And gave him liberty the stream to wade;
With gradual step the waters soon he tried,
Deeper and deeper plunging in the tide,—
Till nothing but his head and tail were seen,
Floating without a struggle down the stream.
The frantic Doctor overcome with grief,
Found 'twas impossible to give relief;
Loud from the bridge he called upon his steed,
But called in vain, then cursed the brutal deed,
While 'midst the shouts of thousands from the shore,
His pony sunk, alas, to rise no more!
The big round tear fell from the Doctor's eye,
While his warm bosom laboured with a sigh,
As leaning o'er the bridge, loth to believe,
The treacherous wave would such a horse receive:
So landsmen agonized upon the coast,
See the frail vessel 'midst the surges lost,
And while humanity sends forth her sighs,
Still fondly hopes to see her once more rise.
Regardless of the gazing crowd around,
He broke out in soliloquy profound;
For every virtue that old Tip possessed,
Upon his mind at this sad moment pressed:—
"Farewell," said he, "thou long known favourite beast,
"At length beneath the flood thou findest rest;
"Thy years of faithful servitude are o'er,
"Beneath thy master thou wilt toil no more;

" No more wilt thou the friendly morsel share,
" Or pinched with hunger take the coarsest fare;
" No more shall summer's suns, or winter's cold,
" Make me regret that thou wast weak and old;
" Or oft when anger brutal passions rose,
" Thy sides were pierced, thy shoulders felt my blows.
" Secure from these, a tenant of the stream,
" Thy master's heart with gratitude shall teem;
" Like Hero could thy tender owner weep,
" When bold Leander perished in the deep;
" Not Hellespont contained a greater prize,
" Than now beneath these fatal waters lies."
But when fell grief the human mind assails,
And deep despair o'er fortitude prevails,
We often lose amidst too great a pain,
Some other comfort which we might retain;
Sorrow or bliss, if carried to excess,
Alike will terminate in fixed distress,—
Sorrow with rapid step will reach despair,
Bliss without prudence, changes into care,
The medium, but few happy mortals find,
Fatal extremes press on the human mind;
On the same cheek too often will appear,
The treacherous smile, and the intended tear.
Thus while the Doctor of the bolus trade,
Weeping, the liquid element surveyed,
Another source of trouble was at hand,—
His valued bamboo left his trembling hand,
And hat, as if with sympathy endued,
Dropt from its master's crown into the flood.

Again the crowd in triumph rent the air
As Comicus upon the bridge stood bare:
For hat and wig together had concerted,
And their ill-fated master both deserted,—
For tho' the Doctor had his body swaddled
In clothes which were by fashion's hand new modelled;
Old Jones' hat and wig were still retained,
Indeed no others could have been obtained;—
The bridge was lined with folks on either side,
And Dolphin's roof was well with guests supplied.

Philosophers have said (but perhaps 'tis vain)
The mind can't long upon the stretch remain;
But be that right or wrong, this truth we know,
There is a point beyond which none can go,
For troubles when they touch each other's heel,
Make e'en the tamest resolution feel.
Now Comicus with different losses tired,
Soon felt his breast with other projects fired;
No more his mind on late disasters ran,
His complicated griefs restored the man,
And as he re-surveyed the numerous crowd,
Like other dons he felt a little proud,
Who think the strongest proof of being great,
Is to draw boobies wholesale at their feet;
And tho' the Doctor was no great reformer,
No purblind leader, and no public stormer,
Yet he was willing on a fit occasion,
To prove his powers in ratiocination:
He thought Demosthenes must be a fool,
To make the roaring waves his speaking school,

Since modern orators at their command
Practice at pleasure before half the land,
And get their favourite sentences encored
By myriads, who have never heard a word;
For so acute are modern patriots grown,
A sentence by a single word is known.
Since fortune had on this auspicious day,
To public honour paved the Doctor's way—
High mounted on the parapet he bowed
With comely reverence to the gaping crowd;
A speech! a speech! was shouted through the clan,
Silence proclaimed, and Comicus began;—
" Gentlemen, it is not my intention,
" Of lords, or commons either to make mention,
" A subject far more deep than politics,
" I would this moment in your memories fix;
" Gentlemen, the stranger whom you view
" Is to his countrymen a lover true;
" Nor princes, potentates, nor nobles great
" Are more important to the wheels of state.
" Kings cease to rule, and nobles lose their pride,
" If health, the best of blessings be denied:—
" My long experiments, in art profound,
" At length a sovereign antidote have found,
" For every woe that genders human strife,
" And gives the body pain, or shortens life —
" My friends, I'll prove by rapid demonstration,
" My sovereign powers in occult incantation,
" And by a sure yet secret hierogliphic,
" Evince a genius rare and most prolific.

"The art began with Thoth of healing fame,
"The grecian Mercury of famous name,
" By Agathodemon in temples placed,
" Till Egypt from her glories fell disgraced ;
" Thus Palamedes by his wondrous power
" Cut short a fatal plague in one short hour :
" The Grecian camp defended by his skill,
" Securely stood nor felt the fatal ill.
" Gentlemen, if you secure would feel,
" Possess the charm defended by my seal,
" For while you hold the secret incantation,
" No fell disease, shall seek your habitation,
" A race of patriarchs shall you all become,
" Placed at a greater distance from the tomb."

The Doctor ceased, and soon a murmur ran
Through all the crowd, that he was more than man :
For he is thought the wisest of his race
Who does the human judgment most displace ;—
He who would gain the point of eminence,
Must leave the beaten road of common sense,
For so degenerate is our modern race,
Wise men to knaves, or noisy fools, yield place.
'Tis wondrous that in our enlightened day,
The grossest errors still should find their way !
Truth well may weep, since on her splendid face
These spots of ancient darkness find a place,
And while a host of foes before her flies,
She sees a myriad in succession rise ;

The world's empirical, for every man
Will sacrifice his reason to his plan,
And for the sake of interest, often tries
To prove what even the clearest sense denies.

The Doctor, followed by the shouting host,
His sorrows 'midst their numerous praises lost,
Felt truly proud that by their loud parade
To judge, his speech had right impression made,
And that his charm would be in such request,
He should once more with a full purse be blest;
For Comicus, like others, wisely thought,
By specious baits mankind were easy caught,
And that 'twas right for every man to try
By every means to raise his fortune high.
Like other fortune hunters he could reason,
That artifice was never out of season,
And only waited for a chaise and pair
To let the bubble burst in open air.
A parlour in the Dolphin soon he found,
And closed the door with attitude profound;
Then being by his host with means supplied,
Soon had his pockets with the spell well plied;
At length the door was solemnly unclos'd,
And soon the Doctor of his spells dispos'd,
For even tottering age had heard his fame,
The blind, the young, the leprous, and the lame,
All wished to obtain and have his influence tried,
For where's the man who willingly has died?

Again the Doctor found a fresh supply,
Once more among the crowd they quickly fly,
Till Comicus, surprised at his own gains,
Laughed at the simple blockheads for their pains;
But he like others of the cheating race,
Had taken care t' avoid a hasty chase,
And rested all the papers' magic powers
On being closely sealed for fifty hours;
Declaring, if his rules were not observed,
Their wondrous virtue could not be preserved.
'Twas not till night assumed her ebon throne,
The Doctor found himself once more alone,
To con afresh the business of the day,
And form fresh plans for hastening on his way;
His pockets now with cash were well supplied,
And more than twenty hats the Doctor tried
Ere one was found that could his fancy please,
Uniting eccentricity with ease;
Of one selected for the Doctor's wear,
The world had surely ne'er produced a pair;
'Twas radical in colour and in size,
And such as might all other hats despise;
No sleek Aminidab with ivory chin,
Could boast a greater plenitude of rim;
Indeed, where moving hats is so despised,
No brother could beneath be recognized;
A caxon too the Doctor now obtained,
Of which no judge had need to be ashamed,
If rows of curls, like circles in the horn,
Could shew how many calves its weight had borne.

The Doctor's hat might some relation claim,
To certain bonnets of projecting fame,
Where at the bottom you espy a face,
Placed at an awful distance from our race,
Defying observation most acute,
An everlasting barrier to salute,
Where age and youth alike securely lie
Beyond the reach of anxious scrutiny.
As Comicus his form in glass surveyed,
And viewed the alteration dress had made,
He felt a pride that his peculiar plan
Would ne'er confound him with a common man;
Swift from his mind all past adventures flew,
And future honours rose upon his view.
Alas! how many mortals vainly boast,
The power to gain what negligence has lost,
And like a man who sleeps out half the day,
With quicker steps pursues his destined way,
Hoping to reach the still far distant goal,
Till evening shades strike terror through his soul;
When urged by desperation on he flies,
Sinks with fatigue, and 'midst the darkness dies.

While Comicus was reasoning thus profound,
The tenants of the inn were sleeping sound;
And he determined that he would not wait,
As morning beams might hinderances create;
More than one reason urged him to proceed,
He knew his only safety was in speed;

So softly treading to the Dolphin door,
A traveller on to town became once more.
The moon-beam dancing on the gentle wave,
With friendly light illum'd the pony's grave,
And as he crossed the bridge he cast his eyes,
Where now in death his Rosanante lies.
But Comicus was one whose purpose fixed,
Was seldom with intruding sorrows mixed;
His resolutions were so firmly taken,
That seldom they by accidents were shaken;
Deep Stoicism centred in his breast,
When numerous troubles on his memory pressed;
Where tears were due, these tears he frankly paid,
But quickly called his reason to his aid;
He knew that grief beyond a certain line,
Could be no longer virtue but a crime.
A proper feeling was the Doctor's pride,
And weakness he considered all beside.
Alas, how often when a man receives
A sudden blow which calls for all his griefs,
A friend, perhaps the partner of his breast,
Snatched from from his arms in cold damp earth to rest,
Or some misfortune equally as great,
Deprives him of his children or estate,
Sinking beneath accumulated woe,
'Tis his own weakness seals the fatal blow.
Is it a wife? the children lose his aid,
Is it a friend? his others foes are made,
Or is he of some property bereft?
His weakness loses e'en the little left,

Or slander gains a triumph if she can,
And weight of malice bows and sinks the man;
As on the Doctor did his way pursue,
Luna with well filled horns now met his view,
Sweet Philomel was pouring forth her song,
And cheered our musing traveller along:
The owl secure from Sol's effulgent power,
Travell'd with heavy flight from bower to bower,
The modest glow-worm, now secure from sight,
Shed o'er the path her unobtrusive light;
The lowing cattle stretch'd on nature's bed
With distant sounds relieved the midnight dread.
'Twas fairy time, when Mab in all her pride,
In nutshell chariot takes her midnight ride,
And the lone widow starting from her sleep,
Wakes o'er her recent loss again to weep;
Or fierce assassins plunge the fatal steel,
And conscience wakes to make her victims feel.
The Doctor felt the charm, for such still hours
Awake in man the meditative powers:
'Sacred to thought,' was written all around,
And heaven seemed gazing on with awe profound:—
Says Comicus, "What various thoughts engage,
"The numerous actors on life's busy stage!
"Each has his own pursuits, yet still we find
"The busy world has food for every mind;
"Nature a mother to her children kind,
"Can for each child a pleasing bauble find.
"Each wonders that the other should pursue,
"An object of no value in his view,

" Prides his own reason for superior choice,
" And thus unwittingly speaks nature's voice,
" 'That man, whatever his pursuits may be,
" At best is but the child of vanity.' "

Such different thoughts engaged the Doctor's mind,
Till full ten miles he'd left the town behind ;
And was so far in contemplation fixt,
He moved at times a true noctambulist ;
Indeed, his head so deep beneath the shade,
Would have done honour to a masquerade ;
But modern masqueraders only go
Just from the greater, to the lesser shew,—
The world's a masquerade, where all appear,
Wearing some adventitious character ;
Beneath canonicals perhaps you meet
A huntsman, or a gamester, in the street ;
Malice, disguised as friendship, meets your view,
And envy oft congratulates you too ;
The deepest treachery can assume a smile,
And even with her boasted love beguile.
Vice too appears in virtue's fair array,
And painted hypocrites can often pray ;
The world can alter times, and opposition
Is but considered friendly competition ;
Deceit is prudence, with precaution blest ;
Rudeness is honesty, and falsehood jest ;
Slander is only tattle,—and abuse
A plain blunt language, now in common use ;
Gaming is harmless play,—and suicide
Is only feeling a becoming pride.

Thus softened down, does every evil fall,
Till vice is nothing, and 'tis virtue all!

The morning sun swift rising into day,
Found Comicus still plodding on his way;
Anxious he waited till he could espy
Some friendly town that might his wants supply,
For Comicus, directed by his host,
Had by a nearer road the country cross'd,
And not a friendly village had he seen,
The last ten miles to cheer the gloomy scene.
Now on a little green a building stood,
Half built with brick, the other half with wood;
Two ribs of whales, from Greenland's frigid coasts,
Served well at once, for ornament and posts;
Two rusty hinges in the bones were seen,
Which shew'd where once a swinging gate had been;
And many a stave, which empty casks supplied,
Strengthen'd the broken fence on either side;
The grass-grown path (for still a path was there)
Shewed that a visit was extremely rare;
And an old door, where many a fissure ran,
Appeared coeval with the first-born man;
Yet still its sturdy pannels seem'd to say,
'My sap, and not my strength, is worn away.'
Beneath this humble dwelling lived a man,
Wise beyond measure, leader of a clan,
A son of Crispin, who for want of trade,
'Midst wax and bristles curious sermons made,

A preacher, who atoned for want of sense,
By making inspiration his defence;
Bold metaphors from every source he drew,
And moralized and work'd upon a shoe;
Condemning others was his greatest pride,
Himself infallible all wrong beside.
He saw quite plain the book of heaven's decrees,
Foretold the future with a wondrous ease,
And was as conversant with things unseen,
As if exalted to the third heavens he'd been.
He read by proxy, for his wife supplied
What education had to him denied;
His natural ideas were so great,
The lapstone felt their energetic weight,
And many a welt securely kept its station,
Sew'd in the force of private declamation;
Full many a shoe, if ere a shoe could speak,
Might have proclaim'd his enmity to Greek:
Kindred he claim'd with all things at his stall,
Brethren and sisters were applied to all.
The Doctor long at Crispin's door did try,
By voice the want of knocker to supply;
At length the door, slow moving on its hinge,
Was ope'd by Crispin's wife with many a cringe;
A fixture for a moment she remained,
While still the door was in her hand retained;
Soon as her eyes had reach'd the Doctor's crown,
She cried, "Sir, put your umbrella down;"
The Doctor turned his brimmer on one side,
As for the entrance 'twas by far too wide;

And soon into a spacious room was shewn,
Where sat King Crispin on his bristly throne;
His long black locks around his shoulders flung,
A soiled cravat around his neck was hung,
While the thick stubble that adorn'd his chin,
Promised a plenteous harvest when got in;
Then freeing hastily from strap his knee,
Resting, he cried, " Your business, Sir, with me;"
Says Comicus, " Excuse me this digression,
" But I'm a gentleman of learn'd profession,
" I'm travelling to some village, or a town,
" Where I may gain refreshment and so on,
" And all I ask is, you'd in kindness say,
" Which is the nearest and most pleasant way."
The chosen cobler from his terror freed,
With much prolixity did now proceed,
For he considered that at every season,
'Twas right upon his favourite points to reason;
" Most would be sure condemned, for (as he said,)
" All but his followers were quite misled
" He had the map and therefore could not stray,
" And all, save his dear friends, must lose the way."
The Doctor soon perceived that it was vain
To hope that here some food he might obtain,
For lest a man on hopes and creeds could thrive
At Mr. Faithful's he might starve alive.
Quickly he left the preacher's mean abode
And half indignant plodded on the road.
Thought he, " What dreadful havoc has been made
" By men who make religion a mere trade,

" Like swarms of hornets different parties rise,
" And each the other's sentiments denies;
" Each to peculiar knowledge lays a claim,
" And gains distinction by some specious name,
" Till from the unhallowed mass of different things,
" Doubt is engendered, and confusion springs;
" Systems afresh on ruined systems rise,
" Till man is led such difference to despise;
" 'Midst dread uncertainty the enquirer stands,
" Asking in vain the way in Christian lands.
" Ah! let contending parties cease abuse,
" Whatever be the different modes they choose,
" Till mild benevolence a triumph gains
" Over the mighty isthmus that remains,
" And christian charity, with rising wave,
" Buries distinctions in one common grave;
" And friends from bigotry and malice free,
" Mingle together in one common sea."

Canto the Sixth.

"Now Doctor your'e an honest sticker,
"So taste your glass, and chuse your liquor;
"Wilt have it steep'd in Alpine snows,
"Or damask'd at Selenus' nose?"

Goldsmith.

Ask what is life? the voice of wisdom cries,
"A morning flower, that with the evening dies;
"A hasty pilgrimage of toil and pain;
"A dream, from which we wake to sleep again;
"A vapour floating on the ambient air;
"A bubble, fill'd with want, disease, and care;
"A winter's tale, that quickly dies away;
"A point, a span, an hour,—at best a day;
"Ah! such is life in retrospective view,
"'Tis all but yesterday, so quick it flew."
But ask again, what in perspective 'tis?
"A long career of happiness and bliss;
"A lengthen'd term of grandeur and parade;
"An evergreen, a flower that ne'er shall fade;
"An endless circle, fill'd with every joy;
"A feast immortal, that shall never cloy."
Yet in this strange eventful fate of man,
What different combinations fill the span!
In one short life, full many a mortal sees
Splendour and poverty, distress and ease;

Honour'd, disgrac'd, anon ador'd, and spurn'd,
From highest power to mean subjection turn'd."

Now Comicus, urged on by devious thought,
Soon found the village which so long he'd sought,
And as he saw no obstacle between
His wishes, and the much desired scene,
From every trouble felt himself secure,
His happiness complete, his fortune sure,
For he forgot disasters often ran
Unseen betwixt the purpose and the plan;
Like others, who discover to their cost,
'Tis wrong to calculate without their host;
And as on future honours he presumed,
He had still greater consequence assumed,
Thinking it right to polish his sensorium,
Before he ventured on the great emporium.
'Suaviter in Modo,' he could see
Was requisite as 'Fortiter in re!'
He thought a man should practice first on clowns,
Before he ventured into polished towns;
Which was what he call'd gaining power collateral,
Drawn from the blushes of a mere non-natural.
So country statesman oft begin their speeches
'Midst pines and poplars, sycamores, and beeches,
Till gaining confidence amongst the trees,
They spout in parliament with greatest ease.
Training for town is half the world's desire,
From Hodge and Bet, up to the country squire;

Now Comicus, safe seated in the inn,
Thought best his preparation to begin,
And try to act a part within the Bell,
That would prepare him for a town hotel.
The landlord of the village inn, God help him,
Knew less of etiquette, by far than yelping;
For no man with the publican could vie
Amongst the hounds, in giving out the cry;
For nature when she closed his bony fence,
Fill'd it with sound, instead of common sense.
His spouse, with her garullity, could drown,—
For why? the reason's good, she came from town,
Where all must talk, for either foul or fair,
Talking's essential to the bill of fare.
The simple host, as Comicus went in,
Viewed him between a titter and a grin,
Nor could he for his soul at all discover,
What 'twas that did the Doctor's cranium cover.
In parlour chair the Doctor sat in state,
And looked like many another would be great;
His host at a respectful distance waited,
Hoping to have his orders quickly stated;
But Comicus, remembering that the great,
Thought it no sin to make attendants wait,
Lolling in graceful ease composed his mind,
Inflated high his cheeks, and left dull care behind.
At length he cried, with a becoming stare,
"Can you present me with a bill of fare?"
"Inside or outside?" said the gaping host,
Thinking for once his expectation lost,

The well known sound which he had hoped to hear,
Was speedy order for some home-brewed beer.
" Let's zee, from Candlemus to Ladyday,
" Its seven and twenty shillings all the way."
" Why you 're deficient man" the Doctor cried,
" To talk to hungry men about outside."
" Yes, its quite proper, sir," replied the host,
" But then its wery spensive travelling post:"—
" Landlord," said Comicus, " I'd have you know
" A gentleman should not be answered so ;—
" Have you some *beverage*, man, that I can drink ?"
" Yez, I'ze got all the bishop wants I'ze think."
" Why you're beside yourself, you foolish gossip,"—
" Yez, a wife besides myself, an please your worship."—
" O tempora o mores," cries the Doctor,
" Such answers would confound a learned proctor :"
" Vy Timmy Morris, Zir, vy yez you're right,
" He did confound the learned Doctor quite."
At length his visitant found 'twas in vain
From Peter information to obtain,
" Go, send the landlady," says he, " you elf,
" I prophecy, she's wiser than yourself."
Th' obsequious publican, with hasty stride,
Scratching his head, soon reached his rosy bride :
" There Zal," said he, " you know I've often told ye
" In what esteem the gentlemen all hold ye,
" Vy here's a curious customer come in
" Who thinks to speak plain English is a sin;
" He's got a hat that covers all the table,
" Its big enough to thatch old Smiler's stable ;

" He's plate faced, Zal, as you have sometimes said,
" A dark umbrella rides upon his head,
" And such a nose! why, 'tis, upon my soul,
" For all the world just like a rostling pole."
Peter would have proceeded, but his spouse
Just hinted at the credit of the house:—
" Peter," says she, " you know I've often told ye,
" If not for love, the house would never hold ye;
" You never had sufficient brains to fill,
" In all your life, the smallest sparrow's quill;
" Why 'tis the Bishop, I would lay my life,
' I dont know who would be a booby's wife;
" Thank God, I always know my proper station,
" I've had to do with grandees of the nation."

Frowning on Peter with a scornful pride,
Into the parlour Mrs. Slinker hied.
Now nature had on Peter's wife bestowed
A double portion of corporeal load,
So thickly round her bones was wrapt her clay,
'Twas difficult her measurement to say;
Charon will charge, no doubt, a double fare
Across the Styx, when such a dame comes there.
She was with such superior powers endued,
And in her penetration was so shrewd,
That 'twas in vain for any soul to try
To hide his character from such an eye.
The moment Mrs. Slinker scan'd her guest,
All her conjectures were quite laid at rest;

The Doctor's wig soon settled all dispute,
That prov'd a bishop, with the hat to boot.
The greatest condescension she display'd,
While Comicus some fresh enquiries made,
And in a twinkling he was well supplied
With every dainty Peter could provide,
And soon began in triumph to regale
With copious draughts of Peter's nut-brown ale.
But now the Doctor learnt, with some dismay,
That he must wait till the ensuing day,
Before he could in comfort reach the town,
And all his highest expectations crown.
But Peter's wife assured him, tho' she said it,
Her house was one of great repute and credit;
Regaled him with a list of foreign news,
'Bout persons who at times her house did use;
Till Comicus determined he would stay
And rest his limbs against the coming day.

Soon with a well lit pipe he was supplied,
And curls of smoke ascended on each side,
While generous ale soon made his spirits rise,
And he again began to moralize;
For when the Doctor felt his powers were ripe,
He could expatiate, tho' 'twas on a pipe:—
"Hail sober tube, though squeamish maids despise
"Thy soothing influence, suited to the wise,
"Though many try by observations trite
"To prove the action by no means polite;

" Still let us learn, the practice first began
" With one, whom England called a polish'd man,
" Raleigh, the hero of Virginia's coast,
" The pride of nobles—Queen Eliza's boast:
" Raleigh, thy manly character I praise,
" Unlike the non-descripts of modern days,
" A race effeminate, in soft attire,
" Alike unfit for either smoke or fire.
" 'Twas the knit sinew, scorching in the sun,
" That England's glorious *Magna Charta* won;
" 'Twas these that raised us to our present state,
" And only these fresh honours can create.
" Let modern dandies, in confusion find,
" 'Tis only manly virtues charm the mind;
" And the fair forms of England, with disgust,
" Will tread the starch'd presumer to the dust."
But while the Doctor ponder'd, Peter's spouse
Loudly extoll'd the honour of her house,
And whispered softly into many an ear,
" A secret! but, we've got the bishop here:"
The information like a spreading flame,
A *public* secret very soon became;
For 'tis an adage true, though somewhat old,
A secret's vanish'd when it once is told.
Now all the village was in expectation
To see the Bishop at the confirmation,
For 'twas the order all the country round
They should the next day at the church be found;
The story roll'd so fast, that in a chase,
Hundreds of people crowded to the place,

And noise and hubbub soon became so great,
It did in Comicus some fears create;
Trembling, he asked in haste "What was the reason,
"Of such a sudden crowd at such a season?"
"To see your reverence," was the quick reply,
"Waiting to see your Worship, by and by."
"'Tis strange," says Comicus, "where'er I go,
"The people flock in tribes around me so,
"Such popular applause may augur ill,
"When people like myself would fain be still;
"Go tell the rabble they shall have a view,
"When I've refresh'd myself an hour or two."
The landlady retiring with a grace,
Reported progress to the eager race,
While Comicus, a stranger to the joke,
Thus to himself with self importance spoke:—
"'Tis plain Dame Fortune for a favourite owns
"One of the most devoted of her sons;
"What can I hope for but a high estate,
"When early honours thus around me wait?
"Ah! lucky moment, when misfortune's power
"Drove me where such peculiar honours shower."
'Tis well that self importance oft supplies
What frequently the envious world denies,
For oftentimes the praises mortals know,
Are only what they on themselves bestow;
Thus, frequently mankind will scold and caper,
Declare 'tis shameful, and abuse the paper;
Say there's no moving but the public views 'em,
When they themselves have sent it to the newsmen:

A town laments the absence of a peer,
When not a dozen knew that he'd been there;
Thus a paid puff the gaping world misleads,
And forms the meat on which ambition feeds;
Thus 'tis with fame, the man who trys to gain
The glittering bauble, seldom will obtain;
But he who virtue steadily pursues,
Shall gain what eager self esteem may lose.

While Comicus indulged in deep reflection,
The crowds without evinced some disaffection;
For tidings came, as true as 'Pater Noster,'
That Comicus was nought but an impostor;
And they resolved to make his false pretence,
Subservient to their own malevolence.
How often truest friends will cause distress,
By praising us for what we ne'er possess;
Anxious to make the world their friend admire,
Envy, instead of favour, they inspire;
When too great expectations thus are raised,
The little is o'erlooked that should be praised,
And what without a comment would have caught
The public eye, and public favour brought,
Exaggeration robs of all its worth,
And nips the opening beauty in its birth.

Now in the village long a custom ran
To shave some stranger by peculiar plan,
And every tenth of June the rustics met
To keep the joke alive, and have a wet;

For an old wag who long resided there,
Had left an annual legacy of beer,
That if they shaved upon a certain day
Some stranger, who was passing through that way,
According to the form and manner shewn,
A forty-gallon cask should be their own;
The custom long had sunk in disrepute,
But this seemed an occasion that would suit.
The village barber, without much persuasion,
Resolved to act on such a fit occasion,—
A merry soul, who dearly loved a joke,
And scattered puns at every word he spoke.
The apparatus, which 'midst cobwebs lay,
In an old hay loft right across the way,
Was soon discovered by this roguish wight,
And brought once more to see the cheering light;
The shaving bowl, if such it could be named,
When filled, just twenty gallons full contained;
The shaving brush was such as sextons use
To bring the cobwebs down into the pews;
The razor was of wood, and in its eyes
A scythe appeared of diminutive size;
Safe in the stocks the hero was to sit,
Confined by hands above, below by feet;
And just three times the victim was to bear
The brush and razor, to obtain the beer.
Now Peter's wife the preparation spied,
And to the parlour hastened petrified:—
"Good Sir, (quoth she,) there's nothing now can save ye,
"For all the people are resolved to shave ye."

Says Comicus, " good woman, I perceive
" Your fright has made you some strange tale believe ;
" The people, why if ever chance had hurl'd
" Together all the tonsors in the world,
" They'd never make a company so great,
" Or barber's soon would guide the wheels of state."
" Ah, Sir," said she, " it was my simple tongue
" That brought upon your worship all this wrong,
" I only said that I a bishop had,
" I never thought the people were so bad."
" What, shave a bishop, woman, worse and worse,
" Who'd shave a bishop and obtain his curse ?
" Why bishops have shav'd kings, and held a station,
" Where at their pleasure they'd shave half the nation."
For Comicus was now too sapient made
With potent ale to be of aught afraid ;
Seizing his castor, he protested loud,
He'd quickly settle the rebellious crowd ;
But, ah ! at times, stiff topers only know
The liquor's strength, when they assay to go.
The Doctor found he needed some assistance,
To make his head and heels keep proper distance ;
And oftentimes 'twas difficult to say
Which he considered the most proper way ;
At length he reach'd the door, and crying loud,
Venturing to give a lecture to the crowd :—
" Gent-*hip*-tlemen, you hear I've got a hickup,
" But that demonstrates that I'm no bishop ;
" You talk of sha-*hip*-ving, but sooth, I'll tell ye,
" A greater mis-*hip*-hap ne'er yet befel ye,

" Than if you venture, with such foul abuse,
" To shave a modern Escu-*hip-hip*-lapius."
More would he have said, but found that ale
Could make the greatest oratory fail ;
So ceasing, for his mind was overheated,
In the ignoble stocks was quickly seated ;
And many a burst of rhetoric profound,
Was in the well plied lather quickly drown'd.
Now o'er his face the fatal mop swift flies,
And hid all things sublunary from his eyes ;
And as the wags proceeded to complete
The operation (as they term'd it) neat,
They got a partner, as the story goes,
Just to turn up the Doctor's pendant nose,
For 'twas impossible, without such aid,
The wooden razor could have progress made ;
And all confess'd while many a joke went round,
That such a subject was not often found.
Three times the Doctor, spite of all grimace,
Was forc'd to feel the razor pass his face ;
At length he was from Tonsor's hand relieved,
And thundering plaudits from the crowd received
Who now resolved, they would the hero cheer
With good allowance of the charter'd beer.
Now Comicus was one who always reasoned
" A joke's a joke," however highly seasoned ;
So thought, what artifice could not prevent,
'Twas seldom very prudent to resent ;
For he who winces at a foolish jest,
But gives to triumph only greater zest ;

Some men who pride themselves upon their wit,
Shew as much folly if they once are bit;
But he who thinks a bon mot should go free,
With equal grace should bear a repartee.
Now while the Doctor here enjoyed his pipe,
He found himself for some new purpose ripe;
And felt within his breast some wishes burn,
To shave the country bumpkins in return:
For Comicus well knew it was an age,
When half the world in shaving did engage,
And he determined that his powers he'd try,
To give his purse additional supply;
He knew a story, whether false or true,
Would please John Bull, who must have something new;
And he could find, like other sapient sirs.
An antidote to settle his demurs.
The world a monument of folly stands,
Seeking relief from mere pretender's hands;
In every age specifics have been found,
Infallible in a continual round;
Oils are proclaim'd that rivet every hair,
And yet the foolish world one half go bare;
Lotions that take diseases from the skin,
Yet thousands are with ugly blotches seen;
Here's ointment, which till death preserves the sight,
Tho' many a mortal ne'er beholds the light;
There's tooth powder, that never lets a tooth
Drop from the mouth, nor e'er get loose, forsooth.
Here sovereign remedies to cure the gout,
While half a thousand aldermen roar out;

There balsams, that will man immortalize,
And yet, the headstrong creature early dies;
Lo, charms that drive all maladies away,
And yet in spite of every charm they stay;
In such a favoured country, what's the reason
(Ah, let not empirics call the enquiry treason)
Disease should still pervade our happy land,
And hurry mortals to the fatal strand;
Why not disease to empiricism yield,
And change the world to an elysian field?
Let reason once into the secret look,
Fools live by fools,—forgive the just rebuke
The Doctor tho' he ripen'd for the jest,
Thought that to mingle in their joys was best,
And wait till copious draughts of generous beer
Prepared their minds his varnish'd tale to hear.
In mellow mood the Doctor now was found,
Joining in chorus as the songs went round;
His own I'll copy, that the world may see,
How dear he held his native liberty:—

When the Goddess of liberty first from the skies,
Descended on earth to seek out an abode,
O'er continents vasts, where huge mountains arise,
Disgusted and pensive, in silence she rode;

In vain she endeavour'd
A country to seek,
Where the soul of the people
Could liberty speak.

O'er the four distant quarters she travell'd in vain,
No spot could retain this heaven-born prize:
Confounded, she spread out her pinions again,
Resolv'd to return to her own native skies:

For in vain she endeavour'd
A country to seek,
Where the souls of the people
Could liberty speak.

But in rising a tight little country she view'd,
So verdant and fruitful, surrounded by sea:
Descending again she the island reviewed,
And resolv'd it her blest habitation should be.

For long she'd endeavour'd
A country to seek,
Where the souls of the people
Could liberty speak.

'Twas England, dear England, my own native coast,
Where the Goddess of liberty deign'd to remain,
And each of her sons of blest freedom can boast,
Secure from each tyrant across the wide main.

For an Englishman's face
Will his country bespeak,
And his own native language
Is freedom to speak.

Long may Albion's white cliffs, as a mark to the world,
Stand the envy of every tyrannical power;
On that sea-girdled spot from which slav'ry is hurl'd,
Contented and happy I'll spend my last hour:

Before our proud navy
Each tyrant is weak,
And our thundering cannons
Shall liberty speak.

After his song the Doctor quick began
To form his mind up to commence his plan,
That from the ignorant countrymen to gain
Ample reward for all his shaving pain;
Rising, his head in contact came with ceiling,
While he endeavour'd to evince much feeling,
And gather from the faces of his friends,
The best and surest mode to gain his ends;
For when a man resolves upon deception,
'Tis requisite he should have quick perception;
Lest in his eager grasp for glittering pelf,
He should incautiously expose himself;
Quacks must keep interest behind the scene,
And shew their wonders without being seen;
For it would ruin every deep laid plan,
If once the world should recognize the man;
The world are oft deceiv'd by many a farce,
Of prophytacles rare, cosmatics scarce;
The boasted produce which Arcædia yields,
Made in old Jewry, or in Spittal Fields;
Boasting a birth place in some foreign land,
When they began existance in the Strand;
In windows richly labell'd ungents shine,
With foreign names, tho' drawn from Sussex swine;
England might claim a host of honours due,
If she were to her produce only true;
But novelty's the order of the day,
And aboriginees will never pay.
The Doctor once more in a pleasing speech,
Mysterious remedies began to teach,

Nor ceas'd his tale till he'd from every clown
By specious argument obtained a crown;
For whether love or honour leads the way,
It always ends in 'something friends to pay;'
Only the road to interest's so circuitous,
The payment seems a circumstance fortuitous.
'Twas midnight ere the villagers were gone,
And left the Doctor to his joys alone;
Well pleased that such an unpropitious hour
Had given materials for his future tour,
And he resolved to crown the lucky day
With extra pipe, and friendly tete a tete,
For Peter, overcome with beer and sleep,
Had left his wife his customers to keep:
But all was vain, the Doctor found it best,
To seek what nature wanted, balmy rest.

Now when the Doctor had his chamber found,
He saw 'twas hung with different pictures round;
Bishops and doctors, mariners, and Jews,
Alike unconscious fill'd the varied rows;
There Galen smiled on old Hippocrates,
An idiot coupled with old Socrates,
One spacious frame three sturdy jews did fix,
Hanging beside a painted crucifix;
A drunkard posted near King Charles's rules,
A dry astronomer between two fools;
Statesmen and courtiers, mountebanks were there,
But each confined within a narrow sphere.

The Doctor, as around he cast his eyes,
Tho' late, again began to moralize:—
Says he "why all the world's but a stage,
"And actors all, from idiots to the sage;
"Each in the play of life supports his part,
"Learned with much labour and no little art;
"The grave's the green room when the play is o'er,
"Where pomp or splendour can disguise no more;
"The king lays down his splendid robes of state,
"The courtier ceases his commands to wait;
"The lover there forgets his heavy woes,
"The haughty chief is quiet 'mong his foes;
"Philosophers there finish their disputes,
"And lawyers terminate their numerous suits;
"Poisons and daggers too are laid aside,
"And paint and masks can now no longer hide;
"Such is the play of life, and every man
"Will soon have through the part assign'd him ran;
"But surely, while we have it in our power,
"'Twere best just to anticipate the mingling hour;
"Life might be stript of more than half its sorrow,
"If men reflected they'd be friends to-morrow;
"And learn their several quarrels to adjust,
"Before they mingle with each other's dust;
"'Tis nature's voice, let mortals hear the sound,
"Soon on a level they will all be found;
"Who would not think it an unwise digression,
"To quarrel in a funeral procession;
"Yet such is life, let us so use the day,
"To give each other comfort by the way;

" And not convert the verdant plains of life
" To an aceldama of blood and strife;
" Mingling the little sweet which nature yields,
" With bitter herbage, from contention's fields;
" Poisoning 'the cordial drop which heaven has thrown,
" To make the obnoxious draught of life go down."
Thus reasoned Comicus on subjects deep,
Till nature, wearied out, demanded sleep;
On 'balmy wing,' the welcome blessing came,
To fit the Doctor for still greater fame.

Canto the Sixth.

——————— Where has commerce such a mart,
So rich, so throng'd, so drain'd, and so supplied
As London?—opulent, enlarg'd, and still
Increasing London.

Cowper.

'Tis seldom that Mankind can reason right
On objects which are hidden from their sight,
Our wishes mingling with our rude ideas,
And sometimes borrowing colour from our fears,
Paint every expectation so untrue,
That nought but disappointment can ensue;
But neither hopes or fears if found alone,
Can give a data to depend upon:—
Hope will give darkest expectations light,
Fear can transform e'en sunshine into night,
Perhaps whene'er 'tis right to judge at all,
The truest medium will between them fall.
In every age much evil has arisen,
From speculation and mere sophisism,
Imaginary castles in the air,
The natural offspring of mere chimera;

Modern philosophy, if stript of these,
Would be a system understood with ease,
Conjecture is at best a darken'd glass,
Through which the strongest ray can hardly pass;
Yet, such is human pride, each mortal finds
Something imaginary which reason blinds,
Raising an adventitious cloud between
His optics, and the object to be seen:
This fatal principle will misconstrue
Philosophy, religion, nature too:—
Till with conjecture every thing is shrouded,
And truth itself becomes at last beclouded:
The reason's obvious,—half mankind despise
The simple steps by which they all should rise:
Each by a '*Royal Road*' would grasp the whole,
Without principia aiming at the goal;
The man who would to highest problems rise,
Must not the 'point' or 'parallel' despise,
He who would place the cupola upon
His temple, must first lay the *corner stone*.
'Tis simple axioms, that must guide the mind,
The noblest and most splendid truths to find.
Now Comicus had painted on his mind
Just such a London as he hop'd to find:
Nothing but honor, comfort and renown,
He thought could dwell in such a splendid town,
But yet, 'midst all his thoughts he ne'er decreed
How he in search of fortune should proceed;
He thought the opportunities so great,
For every man importance to create,

'Twas time enough when fortune gave the hour,
To exert her generous and peculiar power,
Perhaps one half who in that city rise,
Enter'd without a path before their eyes,
And from some accident might justly date
A scheme, by which they've since become so great.

Morning had long her glorious beams disclos'd,
But still the Doctor quietly repos'd,
For morals, ale, and accident all press'd
Upon the Doctor as he lay at rest.
A gentle tap, just kindly to remind
His Doctorship that he would be behind,
Brought Comicus at once upon the floor,
In spite of Mab, of Somnus, or of snore.

For full six miles were destined to be trod
Across the country, to the public road;
'Twas on a morning when the cheering sun
Had long his daily business begun,
When not a cloud of darkness veil'd the scene,
That Comicus upon the road was seen.
The new-mown grass, upon the pastures lay,
Fast changing from its verdant green, to hay;
The whistling plowman furrowed up the ground
The cheerful lasses' were to meadows bound;
The golden corn fields trembled at the breeze
That gently whisper'd through the waving trees;
Sweet hour of prime, when *Exquisites* in town
Were just retiring to their beds of down,

From balls and routs, the gardens, or the play
Pleasures which rob their votaries of day;
The balmy breeze at this delightful hour,
Receiv'd a tribute from each opening flower;
The wall flowers, mingling with the orchard's bloom,
Shed all around a genuine perfume.
And well might Comicus with praise behold
Heaven's pure charms, in robes more bright than gold!
To sons of contemplation 'tis a treat,
The sun upon the upland lawn to meet,
In wisdom's open volume such can find
A never failing pleasure for the mind.
The lofty oak, or the low blushing rose,
The spangled field, each doth a charm disclose;
The peaceful valley, and the tower cap'd hill,
The roaring ocean, or the peaceful rill,
In all the doctor could a beauty see,
Filling his soul with thoughts of Deity;
He who can glance across the varied land,
And sees in nothing a superior hand,
Exists in vain, for He alone can give
The secret, how to praise him while we live
The Doctor treading thus on fairy ground,
Gazing at all the scenery around,
Had so beguiled his steps, that with surprise
He saw the inn at once salute his eyes,
The enchanting scenery at once withdrew,
As to the door our broad-brim'd hero drew;
London, with all its charms again intruded,
And nature's sweetest objects soon excluded.

Just as the Doctor had the threshold cross'd,
Loudly he call'd upon the gazing host,
Who overcome with wonder and surprise,
Began for once almost to doubt his eyes;
Domestics, they behind their master creep,
At such a prodigy to have a peep;
For never since they living souls had been
Had they so strange on individual seen—
" Landlord, some ale!" the son of Galen cried,
While the poor host stood almost petrified,
And seem'd as overcome by his affright,
As ' Priam' when his curtains mov'd at night,
Our traveller soon perceiv'd that his ' sang froid'
Had render'd all enquiries vain and void,
For tho' he cried with all his might and main
For some refreshment, none he could obtain:
Each at a proper distance kept his place,
And only viewed his costume and his face;
At length *John Bull* had waited long enough
And all broke silence in a general laugh,
Says Comicus " I would not interrupt
" Your harmony, by any thing abrupt;
" But will ye have the goodness just to say,
" What time the London coach will pass this way?"
The sound of London acted like a *charm*,
Removing instantly the folks' alarm,
Master and Mistress, Betty, John, and Boots,
All eagerly return'd to their pursuits,
And Comicus was very soon surrounded,
By those who were at first sight so confounded.

London's a *magic term,* that oft conveys
All that can be convey'd in form of praise,
Travel wheree'er you will, the *weighty term,*
On many a *painted sign board you'll discern ;*
The village taylor boasts of his renown,
Under an anatomical in town ;
In vain the country lubber says ' 'twon't do,''
' Bless me,' says Mr. Twist, ' its all the go,'
And pointing *London* out upon his sign,
Makes him at once his arguments resign,
The barbers, schoolmasters, and cobblers claim
Alike a title to the *far fam'd name,*
' *From London's*' in so many *houses shewn,*
You'd think all ' *London was gone out of town !*'
There's *London sharpers,* but they leave the folks
To find the important secret in the *hoax ;*
For jokes that have grown *stale* and *weak at home,*
Are new again, *if carried out of town ;*
Or if to other climes, our thoughts extend,
Where mighty seas divide the distant land,
Their wealthy merchants quench the Eastern fire
With London ale, or *Henry Meux's Entire,*
Now 'twas with Comicus a constant plan,
To stimulate with ale his inward man,
And fit himself for every project new,
By giving the vis vitæ proper due ;
And by the time the vehicle drew near,
The Doctor was replenish'd with good cheer,
At length with joy he heard the wish'd for sound,
The coach arriv'd, and all was bliss profound,

And now he hop'd ere morning's sun should rise,
On the new world to cast his longing eyes,
The coachman smil'd when Comicus he spied,
To see his head with hat so well supplied.
He thought the Doctor's hat might claim a place
As grandsire to the quaker's pigmy race ;
Or, if extended rim was proof of merit,
Or was a type of plenitude of spirit,
The Doctor might with such a brimmer rare,
Have ably filled the Quakerdotal chair.
Tho' on a place inside, the Doctor counted,
He was soon outside, with a quaker, mounted,
In truth, the coachman saw that such a brim,
'Twas quite impossible to stow within.
Behind was seated a long absent tar,
Whose sunburnt face discover'd many a scar,
Who, when the din of war was heard no more,
Hasted his native village to explore ;
Alas ! where once his father's cottage stood,
Near to the precincts of a well known wood,
Only a ruin met his wandering eye,
To mark the spot, and draw the heaving sigh .
His long lost parents in their dark tomb lay,
Where many a fresh made hillock mark'd the way,
His friends, his kindred, all, alas ! were fled,
Or else lay silent with the mouldering dead :—
While down his manly cheek the trickl'ing tear,
In many a hard earn'd furrow did appear ;
The British sailor from the piercing view,
Hasted with full-charg'd breast, to join his crew.

The knight of the whip, was not quite so laconic,
But prais'd his tits in language quite thrasonic,
Each animal possess'd due qualification:
Boasted high pedigree, and education:—
Some lord or duke each animal had claim'd,
And wond'rous feats had founder'd or had lam'd;
But soon the Doctor with horse history jaded,
Upon the silence of the *Friend* invaded,
Who frequently with slow, uplifted eyes,
Express'd his consternation and surprise;
In silent meditation long he view'd
His fellow traveller with an aspect shrewd,
Whether bravado, stroll, or runagate,
He dar'd not venture to prejudicate,
But look'd like one whose conscience told of schism.
Affrighted with the ghost of quakerism,
Indeed if on a ghost the hat had stood,
'Twould have astonish'd all the brotherhood;—
But while with face serene, the quaker ey'd
What incident had plac'd so near his side,
The Doctor, with obsequious smile, began
To address this semi statue of a man:—
"Friend," says old Comicus "with your permission,
"Allow me just to make one requisition:
"Did ever this vain world so much beguile,
"As to adorn your features with a smile?"
"Humph!" cries the quaker with a long-drawn sigh,
"Thee wouldst deceive me with thy vanity,
"I ne'er shew pleasure save when goodness moves,
"Silence and seriousness the world reproves."

" Friend," replies Comicus, " 'tis lesser sin,
" To laugh without, than court an inward grin;
" Many a highwayman does only 'scape
" The gallows, by a covering of crape.
" Where much external sanctity's required,
" The breast is seldom with true virtue fired.
" An honest heart will shew an honest face,
" 'Tis hypocrites alone that court grimace."
" Thee art in darkness," yet the friend replied,
" Virtue is only known by fair outside;
" It seemeth right and proper in mine eyes,
" The world with all its fashions to despise."
Says Comicus, " the man who only knows
" How to reproach mankind with different clothes,
" And only follows sects' peculiar laws,
" Can be but useless in true virtue's cause.
" For what is fashion but peculiar dress,
" And, quakers', more than others, this confess;
" No wonder that the gazing world are railers;
" When true religion must depend on tailors,
" And vice, or virtue instantly appears
" At the command of every Booby's shears;
" And hatters, tailors, hossiers, buckle makers,
" Call themselves manufacturers of Quakers."
Such curious metaphors, and such grimace,
Produc'd a smile upon the quaker's face,
His risibility began to rise,
As he survey'd the Doctor with surprise:
" Friend," says the Quaker, " thou hast, I protest
," Drawn forth a smile by thine unseemly jest."

Quoth Comicus, " the principles, unsound,
" Which has the risibles so firmly bound,
" Virtue and goodness never were design'd
" To shroud with darkness countenance or mind.
" But fashion is the goddess of the day,
" The adventitious light that guides the way:
" Each boasts, however, of a sovereign plan,
" To please the taste, and justify the man;
" Each please themselves, and all the rest condemn,
" Their mode so suitable, not proud or vain;
" From lofty plumes, down to mere simple board,
" All cover with the best they can afford:
" For pride alike can keep alive its fire,
" Whether in full possession or desire."
Now while the Doctor in such reasonings great,
Had held the Quaker fast in close debate,
Coachee the argument had so enjoyed,
His horses had not once his mind employed,
A rising bank lay on the public road,
O'er which the luckless wheels in triumph rode;
'Twas vain to try, for spite of whip or sound,
The combatants and coach soon reach'd the ground.
Inside the coach was very closely stow'd,
Three separate parcels of the sisterhood,
Whose comely sides were squeez'd so tight together,
'Twas difficult the solid mass to sever.
That frighten'd pair whom accident had tost,
On that side limbo which lay uppermost,
With simultaneous feelings quickly mov'd,
Had both their heads through the coach window shov'd.

Fast wedg'd together were their summits seen,
Panting for breath in modern guillatine.
The tar, upon his beam-ends, felt the trip,
But though aground, refus'd to quit the ship ;
The Quaker, like a nine-pin, rolled away,
While boxes, trunks, and hampers, scatter'd lay,
But luckily upon his head he fell,
Or probably he'd not escap'd so well.
The Doctor on the ground some moments lay,
Whilst hat and perriwig had gone astray ;
But casting on the pair his pitying eyes,
Their sufferings prompts him instantly to rise ;
For the other brace, who in vile durance laid,
To extricate requir'd no common aid ;
Regarding now his hat and wig no more,
He hasten'd to the prostrate carriage door,
Now Comicus exerted all his might,
To free the ladies from their present fright ;
But skill and strength, were both alike in vain,
To free them from their prison-house or pain.
So firmly were they wedg'd in durance vile,
Their turkey necks e'en made the Doctor smile ;
Quoth he, " 'tis vain for both to keep the field,
" For one must to the other's comfort yield:
" When ladies thus intrude themselves by pairs,
" In disappointments only they go shares."
The Doctor's reasoning soon produced a truce,
And after many a twitch, he set them loose,
And each at length a liberation found,
By Comicus safe landed on the ground.

Once more upon its wheels the coach was set,
And every traveller had resum'd his seat,
And as to London they more careful ran,
To improve the subject, Comicus began:
Thought he, "what different changes mortals know,
"As through the fleeting stage of life they go;
"How often doth the schemes on which men ride,
"O'erturn and disappoint aspiring pride;
"Each has his upsets on life's chequer'd road,
"With mangled characters, and fortunes shrewd,
"Some lose their all, and shatter'd they remain;
"While others on new schemes quick fly again,
"Some fall, and there will ev'ry hope despise;
"Others fall often, and as often rise."
The coach at length arriving at the inn,
Reliev'd the Quaker from the Doctor's din;
Who now resolv'd another place to find,
And join the weather-beaten tar behind;
The Doctor here alighted at the door,
Where passengers were waiting, eight or more,—
Who all, with upcast eyes, gave ample proof,
Their destination was to be the roof.
The Doctor entering with becoming scrape,
Congratulated on their late escape,
And begg'd he might a welcome sharer be,
In the refreshing beverage of tea.
'Twas settled, and a cup was soon distill'd
From tea-pot, which that minute had been filled.
That instant coachee entered, just to say,
His time was up—he could no longer stay:

And Comicus quick seizing on his cup,
Began too hastily his tea to sup;
Swift rising up in agonizing pain,
His hand no longer could the cup retain,
Which dropping on the table, just made free
To titilate the quaker's gouty knee.
The Doctor could not speak, for still the fire
Seem'd to be gaining pace, and burning higher;
But turning round to moan his friend's mishap,
Upset the tea-urn in one lady's lap.
The scream that issued from the frighten'd dame,
A sympathetic motion soon became;
The frighten'd servants rush'd like lightning in,
Staring like idiots, 'midst the general din,
For 'twas impossible for them to say—
Who were the sufferers in the late affray,
For all, except the Doctor, now were found
Amidst the cups and saucers, on the ground.
The first fair dame recover'd from her fright,
With well clench'd fists, now met the Doctor's sight;
Who with gesticulation most uncouth,
Stood cramming a wet napkin in his mouth.
A general accusation then began,
And round a rich vocabulary ran:—
Cries Comicus—"You'd better all be seated,
"'Tis plain the company are overheated;
"Indeed it's clear, and that from every quarter,
"We've all unluckily plung'd in hot water."
Now soon the company began to find
The mischief was all center'd in the mind;

For, strange to speak, on such a rare occasion,
No one received a wound or e'en abrasion ;
And though they still exhibited wry faces,
They all resolv'd to take their different places.
The well lin'd roof the Doctor now remounted,
Still upon town his expectations counted ;
And many a joke he pass'd, as on they roll'd,
As passengers, elate, their history told.
The lingering hours oft spent in devious thought,
At last our hero into London brought.
'Twas evening tide, when citizens commence
Their nightly plans of safety and defence ;
When rattling chariots o'er the bowlers roll ;
And the black artizans from labor stole.
When groups of evening ramblers crowd the street,
And *Exquisites* were hastening to the treat ;
When " smutch'd artificers," or rich or poor,
With pipe or newspaper, throng up the door.
As Comicus the darken'd streets survey'd,
Deep disappointment did his mind pervade.
Alone upon the roof he now remain'd,
Each fellow traveller had his station gain'd ;
To him alike all places were the same,
Nothing he knew of London but the name.
His expectations now were made to yield ;
For he had painted his elysian field.
How often overrating unseen things,
Man on himself deep disappointment brings ;
The treacherous mind too often paints desire
Above what man ought ever to aspire,

And then an object, which is really good,
Sinks lower in opinion than it should.
'Twas so with Comicus—his mind had told
Of Silver Streets and palaces of gold.
His hopes now sunk—for nothing caught his eyes,
But dark depóts of wealth and merchandise.
At length an ancient gateway did appear,
Which Comicus survey'd with many a fear ;
Till Coachee hinted just for safety's sake,
'Twas best a horizontal form to take ;
And as the rattling coach beneath it ran,
He sighed, and wish'd himself once more at home.
As Comicus dismounted from his seat,
He was accosted by a waiter neat :
" Parcels or luggage, Sir ?" the waiter cried.
" No luggage but myself," he quick replied ;
And as he now forthdrew his leathern bag,
The waiter just remark'd—" Oh ! what a wag !
The carriage paid, and coachman satisfied,
Poor Galen entered with his usual pride ;
And trod the coffee room with as much grace,
As if he'd been familiar with the place.
Thus many a country bumpkin would appear
In London, and be thought no stranger there ;
And by familiarity o'er done,
Prove to a demonstration they're from home.
Others with equal labour, strive to be
The copiests of all they hear and see :
They mark the characters the world applauds,
And try by imitation. for rewards.

He who apes character will always find
That actions are the children of the mind ;
The prominence which he in others views,
And even ventures oftentimes to use,
Will want constituent parts, and thus be found
An excresence offending all around ;
What in one man's esteem'd an excellence
Would, in another, be termed want of sense ;
And that for which one man is so much prized,
Would, in another, be as much despised.
'Tis natural character the world admires,
Which to no artificial acts aspires,
To borrow actions, is like borrowing clothes
The world immediately their owner knows,
And while the borrowed ornaments they see
Only despise us for our poverty.
Now Comicus was one who never tried
By art, his native character to hide ;
He had his eccentricities,—but then,
They were his own : and that much softened them
Besides, he knew them not, and that gave zest
To every witticism he exprest.
He who remote from polish'd circles lives,
Knows not the brilliant finish which it gives.
The precious gem which bounteous nature gives
From man a greater brilliancy receives ;
So minds, however rich, can never shine
With equal splendour in their native mine ;
'Tis intercourse the homely crust removes,
And gives that lustre, which the world approves

But Comicus, a stranger, soon of course
Became the secret subject of discourse;
But all enquiries here, alike, were vain,
His country, his profession, or his name,
And many an anxious citizen exprest,
By vacant look, how much he was perplext.
Alike unconscious both of smile or frown,
The Doctor with the citizens sat down;
And after strengthening with good beef steak,
His inward man, fancied that he could speak;
And felt an inward something fiercely burn,
Like public orators, before their turn;
Who practice, while they clap a spouting brother,
Lest his sublimities their own should smother,
And often say, and when they mean, "Amen,"
Amidst their thirst for honor—"Gentlemen."
But first the Doctor thought, for purpose ripe,
'Twas best to indulge himself in half a pipe;
Then ey'd the room around, with many a puff,
Where higher gents., more elegant, took snuff:
For Exquisites in town will oft aver,
A dust-hole, to a chimney, they prefer;
Condemn the pipe—as beastly and obscene,
With drivelling noses—far from being clean.
But new as London was, the Doctor found
The subjects quite as novel, travelling round.
'Twas Babel all to him,—for gas, and steam,
And politics, and court, was all their theme;
He sat confounded—for they seem'd to know
The king's opinion, and his rulers' too;

They knew the movement of each foreign state,
And even ventur'd to prejudicate:
Each wish'd he was the leader, while the rest
All thought their own peculiar plans the best;
Till Comicus could very plainly see,
The smallest combinations ne'er agree,
That even those who ventur'd to reform,
Tried every man, to take his friend by storm;
And thus to demonstration prov'd it true,
Ten thousand would agree as well as two
And after many a short and witty speech,
Holding, by turns, an argument with each,
At length was left alone, and soon began,
For future movements, to arrange a plan;
And many a various scheme had cross'd his mind,
Before a road to honor he could find.
But he was one whom neither clouds nor care,
Could ever bring to yield to black despair,
Nor did he doubt, but that his evening's sorrow
Would fly before the splendours of the morrow.
But now a sudden project fill'd his mind,
From which he hop'd great benefit to find;
His manuscript, he thought, would better look
In print, and make a much-admir'd book.
Forth from his pocket he the treasure drew,
And o'er its pages took a transient view;
And entering down the business of the day,
Felt confident that such a work would pay;
The style, the incidents, the novel form,
He thought, would take the reading world by storm.

An author, too! that would increase his fame,
And fill the public papers with his name;
The world his wondrous intellect would know,
As protegee of Pater Noster Row.
Great men would court his favours, and the town
With gratitude, his public labours own;
Then other volumes quickly might succeed,
As public voice, or private ends, might need,
Till such developements of strength of mind,
Would place him 'mongst the favorites of mankind.
The Doctor's golden schemes so quickly rose,
He ne'er reflected on an Author's foes.
Swift o'er his mind the first edition flew,
The second, and the third pass'd in review;
Till at the lowest price that could be paid,
He calculated on a fortune made;
Roll'd up his manuscript, and then retired,
Feeling his mind with brighter prospects fired,
Determin'd, with the morning's sun, he'd go
And to some conissieur his paper shew.
A host of mortals do on authors feed,
For books, like cheeses, only maggots breed,
These maggots are the booksellers, who cull
Their daily sweets from from every author's skull,
Fattening within and revelling in pride,
Leaving the author nothing but outside.
First comes the printer, with a heavy bill,
Then comes the publisher, more greedy still;
The paper-maker next puts in his claim,
Foolscap or vellum, just so many ream,

Stitching and folding, extra boards, and sizing,
Pressing, and carriage, discount, advertizing,
All, in their turns, will serve to swell the claim,
Till nothing but the merit can remain.
When authors can on panegyric feed,
And merit can supply the stomach's need;
When rais'd above all sublunary care,
They breath without a wish, ambrosial air;
Prosaics then, and poets shall be found,
Basking in ease, enjoying all around;
Till then, shall many an empty garret say—
My master bilk'd the score, and ran away.

Canto the Seventh.

"None but an Author knows an Author's cares,
Or fancy's fondness for the child she bears." Cowper.

Man is a being blest with social powers,
'Tis only friendship gilds the passing hours,
The exile, wandering on the desert coast,
Weeps for his friends and blest companions lost.
What though the dust around was ambient gold,
Or nature did her loveliest charms unfold,
Though diamonds cover'd all the glittering shore,
Without society they'd charm no more.
Uncharm'd by all, still would the heaving sigh,
O'er the dividing waters quickly fly;
Nor sordid dust, nor sparkling stones could cheer
The drooping heart, or hide the trembling tear.
Or if but exil'd from our native home,
'Midst pomp and palaces we're call'd to roam,
The soul returns, true happiness to find,
To youthful scenes imprinted on the mind:
The polish'd statesman, or the courtier, still
Will oft look back to his original:

Leaves the gay court, and every splendid charm,
To view the well known cottage or the barn ;
Or seated 'neath the still wide spreading tree,
Calls back his youthful hours to memory !
The games he play'd, the holidays he stole,
Recur to thought, deep thrilling through the soul ;
The beech, on whose wide base he carv'd his name ;
The still green meadow, or the grassy lane,
Where he, with " shining face," the satchell bore,
Or travell'd with his first companions o'er.
All these have charms, from which, with deep regret,
The mind returns to gaze on pomp or state.
Thus Comicus, amidst the busy town,
Was still an exile from his native home ;
No face he knew, no friend resided there,
To whom he could for comfort oft repair ;
The busy townsmen, eager for their gains,
Were strangers to his pleasures or his pains ;
A momentary gloom o'erspread his mind,
For friends and old acquaintance left behind.
Thought he—" when once my needful part is play'd,
" And genius has a decent fortune made,
" With wealth and independance, I'll repair
" To breathe afresh a more salubrious air ;
" And thus, 'midst old companions, tell my tale,
" While at my well-stor'd table they regale."
Such were the Doctor's thoughts, as he assay'd
To try his fortune at an author's trade ;
And soon the welcome inn he bid adieu,
Of bustling town to take a morning's view,

The toil and hubbub now had long began,
Through every street the clattering coaches ran ;
While crowds that met the Doctor's gazing eyes,
Fill'd him at once, with wonder and surprise ;
The unnumber'd crowds that here together press'd,
Some scarcely cover'd, and some richly dress'd,
Yet all with hasty step pursu'd their way,
Fill'd with the weighty business of the day.
Thinks Comicus—" 'tis strange that London finds
" A different object for so many minds ;
" Yet all alike, with ardour seem t'engage
" In different purpose on life's busy stage ;
" Unheeded here, the rich and poor pass on,
" The almost mendicant, and man of ton."
But as the Doctor press'd with wearied feet,
And careful mind, through many a busy street,
Full many a cockney ventured to explore
The monstrous covering which his caput bore ;
The shopmen from their counters curious ran,
To catch a glimpse of so unique a man ;
And ladies, from their carriage windows, spied
A form which all curiosity defied ;
Indeed, 'twas difficult from such a dress,
His country, or his quality, to guess.
Some said,—he was a bishop, from his wig ;
Others declar'd, for bishop 'twas too big ;
Some said, 'twas Doctor Faustus rose again,
Or else it was the ghost of William Penn.
While others vowed, they'd follow on, and see
The destination of this prodigy.

The Doctor, though unconscious of the cause
Of such a group, was forc'd to stop and pause:
For numbers gain'd so fast on every side,
His further progress they at once defied.
Thus as he found 'twas altogether vain
Through such a crowd a passage to obtain,
He hop'd some friendly Stationer to meet,
To serve at once for business and retreat.
As o'er the crowd he cast his languid eye,
A window, well adorn'd, he did descry,
Where closely studded volumes, thick and thin,
Proclaim'd a sapient book-worm dwelt within;
But many a desperate squeeze the Doctor gain'd,
Before the wish'd-for object he obtained,
And entering hastily, quick clos'd the door,
Leaving the crowd his absence to deplore.
As Comicus the well fill'd shelves surveyed,
Where authors' labours were in rows displayed,
He felt a thousand pleasant feelings flow,
To think his own would soon adorn the row.
Alas! on many a shelf a book was plac'd,
Which neither eyes or fingers had disgrac'd;
There many a sanguine author's still-born child,
Unknown, unheeded—were together pil'd,
Doom'd, for a time, more favorite ones to prop,
And destined then to grace a chandler's shop.
Books are like children, whose fond parents see
Nothing but beauty and fair symmetry,
Forgetting that the world will often find
Defects, to which the doubting parent's blind;

And wonder that the foolish world despise,
What captivates their own admiring eyes.
The page which was astonishment to raise,
Serves but the windows of a stall to glaze,
And brilliant thoughts, which could not fail to please
Ignobly cover half a pound of cheese.
Thus booksellers atone for peculation,
By giving every volume circulation.
One half the world to authors owe their trade,
They have their whims, for which they've dearly paid;
And midnight labours, arguments profound,
Are sold in modern cities, at per pound;
In fact, the world is now so sapient grown,
Our very pipe-lights must be wrote upon
And philosophic coverings must be found,
Even the glimmering rushlight to surround.
Now Comicus had been some minutes seated,
Before he was by any mortal greeted;
At length, slow moving from the parlour, came
This King of Books—but we'll omit his name:
Deep meditation hung upon his brow,
By practice gain'd, the booksellers know how
He mov'd as if he had obtained the station
Of intellectual caterer for the nation.
That countenance he bore, which ne'er presages
Much good to manufacturers of pages;
And stood prepar'd to give that fatal shrug,
Which tells the trembling author, 'tis a drug.
But Comicus, a stranger to the trade,
Felt no perplexities his mind pervade;

His own opinion of his native sense
Had rais'd him in sufficient consequence;
While thus he speaks—" be thankful that the crowd
" Has thus detain'd an author on the road;
" And but for them, I had assayed to go,
" And shew my rare productions in the Row.
" The manuscript I have in my possession,
" For novelty and wit, defies expression;
The world will soon its wonderous merits own,-
To be thus prais'd, it needs but to be known."
The knight of title pages, with a sigh,
Exclaim'd—" Men always rate their works too high.
Yet said, that if the subject of the book
Was as peculiar as the Author's look,
It might, though totally devoid of sense,
To public favor lay a just pretence.
The man of books, with half-extended hand,
And more indifference in the demand,
Begg'd that the Doctor would be so polite
To give him of the manuscript a sight:
Hinting, that in the present writing day,
'Twas only here and there a work would pay;
For some men such pre-eminence had got—
Witness Lord Byron, and Sir Walter Scott;
Inferior authors stood but little chance,
And found it difficult their works to enhance."
Says Comicus, " I scorn the term *inferior*,
" 'Tis public favor makes a man *superior*;
" My work will make the greatest favorites tremble,
" Its merit 'twill be vain, then, to dissemble;

" The world its high importance soon will own
" Its novelty will make it all the ton."
Soon he drew forth the self-important prize
While satisfaction fill'd his beaming eyes,
Breathless he stood, while o'er the well-fill'd pa
The wonderous judge of talent seem'd to engag
Now Comicus expected many a smile
Would interrupt the reader for a while ;
Or, that convuls'd with laughter, he would nee
Full many a cadence, ere he could proceed
Or that the bursts of sympathetic glow
Would cause at times the unwelcome tear to flo
But no !—the bookman silently pursued
His journey, without stopping on the road
Unmov'd by all, no rhetoric could beguile,
Produce a tear, much less provoke a smil
For booksellers would dearly have to pay
For any little weaknesses that way ;
Like judges, they have sentences to pass
And only gravity can give them grace
The trembling author, like a culprit, stand
For praise or condemnation, at their hands
And policy demands an awful frown,
To make the wish'd-for manuscript their ow
The volume-monger rolling up the scraw
Declar'd the manuscript was far too small,
That 'twas defective both in name and pla
And that it must be all review'd again ;
Indeed, it was quite obvious to him,
That such a work would bring him nothing i

Poor Galen felt his indignation rise,
As in his pocket he replac'd the prize.
Says he—" 'tis plain, in spite of all pretence,
" The only fault is in your want of sense;
" Fool that I was to take such wonderous pains
" With one who never had an ounce of brains.
" I tell thee, man, your knowledge is pretension,
" The work's too great for your mean comprehensio
" Nothing could gain in such an empty skul'
" But some old story 'bout a 'cock and bull'
" You're only fit to take a fool's concessions
And judge of dying speeches and confessions
" 'Tis only polish'd minds that think with eas
" Can judge of rare productions, such as these
" But never more, with any of your rac
" I'll condescend to converse face to face.
" I see I should have all my life to spend,
" Correcting errors, should you superintend:
" I'll print the work myself, and shew mankin
" That every modern author is not blind."
With hasty step, he left the bookman's shop,
Regretting that his folly made him stop;
Disgusted with his scheme, he vow'd he'd try
Some different plan, that would its place supply
So long the Doctor had on books convers'd,
The crowd, impatient, quietly dispersed;
And Comicus, in rather sullen mood,
Still with fresh schemes, his pilgrim path pursu'
But soon the Doctor found it was in vain,
To hope from physic affluence to obtain:

For every wall, and almost every post
In London, could some great specific boast;
For modern quacks a thousand schemes can try,
To dupe mankind, and gain the public eye;
Armies of worthies, who indulging fear
That men should not their wonderous knowledge hear,
Invite attention by more public call,
Printed on bills, or chalked upon the wall,
" A race obscene, spawn'd on the beds of Nile,
Whose very knowledge serves but to defile.
Now Comicus was one who lov'd to see
In all professions proper modesty;
And wondered that the leaders of mankind,
Should be to such increasing evils blind;
Sure, men must grieve when such an useful art
Is made to answer such a fatal part;
When such deceptive actions are practis'd,
And morals are to interest sacrific'd;
Well may the sons of science weep, to see
It warp'd to purposes of infamy.
Amidst these thoughts, the Doctor came once more
Up to another famous bookworm's door,
And thought it best his work again to try,
As wiser men might greater merit spy.
The sapient tradesman who long here had dwelt,
The dire effects of a consumption felt,
And finding his disease increasing still,
Ordered a proctor to arrange his will.
Precise at twelve, was the appointed hour,
And just at twelve the Doctor reach'd the door:

Not, for a moment, judging of the case,
Or that he was to fill a lawyer's place,
The Doctor op'd the door, with mind elate,
Determin'd higher still his work to rate;
Nor had he time to speak, for soon the man,
Upon the important business thus began:—
"Sir," said the shopman, "you are long behind;
"But, thank kind heaven, he still is sound in mind,
(For, what with wig and hat, he ne'er suspected
But that our hero was the man expected:)
"Sir, not a moment now is to be lost,
"Truly, the family all fear the worst."
"'Tis well," said Comicus, "his mind is sound.
"I'm glad I've such an individual found;
"The family may drive all fears away,
"The work is his, if he will only pay."
"Sir," said the shopman, "never mind expence,
"'Tis nothing when compar'd with our suspence;
"Why, sir, your writing will be only small,
"Without it, perhaps, my mistress loses all."
"True," said the Doctor, "such a work as mine
"Is far more precious than a golden mine.
"The lady well may be in some distress,
"'Twill make her fortune,—she does rightly guess."
A servant now appeared, and begg'd he would
Make all the haste up stairs his worship could.
Mark! Comicus, not for a moment, dreamt
Of what the shopman, in his terrors, meant:
But thought his business was already known
To more than half the booksellers in town

Soon to the sick man's chamber he was brought,
His mind with highest expectation fraught;
And safely seated in an easy chair,
Began for mighty business to prepare.
The bookseller then placidly observ'd,
The gentleman was not to be disturb'd,
That not a single soul should venture in,
'Till every thing was fairly fit to sign.
The door was clos'd, and Mr. Page began
To give a general outline of his plan:
The Doctor thought it strange to talk of plan,
Before he took the manuscript to scan,
But doubted not the bookseller had heard
Such praise as needed not another word;
And thought it proper quietly to stay,
And hear what Mr Page had got to say.
"Now, sir," the sick man cried, "I'll just proceed,
"A copy which I've drawn myself, to read—
"I, Matthew Page, from mere old age,
"Being about to quit this worn-out cage,
"Do, hereby, covenant and engage,
"To my beloved wife, Susannah Page,
"And to her lawful heirs, from age to age—"

Cries Comicus, "excuse me this digression;
"The copy's quite defective in expression.
"I'll never bind myself to Mrs. Page,
"Nor will I with her lawful sons engage:
"I'll only sell my papers on condition
'That you shall print, and sell the first edition."

" Edition! sir," our bookseller replied;
" I never heard the term to *wills* applied."
" I tell you, sir," said Comicus, " 'tis law,
" 'Tis so in all the forms I ever saw."
" Sir," said the bookseller, " I'll not dispute;
" Before a learned proctor I am mute."
" And begg'd he would allow him to proceed
" And then himself a legal copy read."
The other smil'd assent, and Mr. Page
Again began in business to engage:—
" Five hundred pounds I give, at my demise—"
" That sum's not half enough," the Doctor cries·
The sick man star'd, but still kept reading on,
" And all my books and papers to my John."
Says Comicus, " I must myself review it,
" No man on earth, besides myself, can do it."
" Yes, truly, sir," the man of books replied,
" But still my plan may be a sort of guide:
" My country-house I give my daughter Jane.
" Although I fear the title is not plain."
Says Comicus, " the title will surprise
" The world; for there the greatest merit lies."
" That I shall leave to you," the sick man said,
" You, surely, best know how it should be made.
" Then ten pounds each I give the little Pages—"
Says Comicus, " that never good presages:
" A little page wont do, for thoughts like mine,
" They would in quarto, much more brilliant shine.'
" I wish my youngest son should soon be bound—"
" In calf," said Comicus, and gilt-edg'd round."

So high his feelings rose in hope of gain,
He could no longer from his work refrain ;
And quickly drawing forth the valued prize,
While his whole soul seem'd centered in his eyes,
Before the astonish'd bookseller began,
O'er the first page in eager haste to run :
" ' First day, left ****, rode twenty miles,
" ' Counted just thirteen gates, and fifty stiles ;
" ' Roads good—the soil productive—no beast fatter ;
" ' Substratum mostly calcarious matter.
" ' Most of the houses built of lath and plaster ;
" ' Fell from my horse—but that was a disaster ;
" ' Mistaken for a mountebank, a famous quack,
" ' Receiv'd great honor ; rode a pickback.
" ' Push'd off some pills, made by old Graduate ;
" ' Smok'd thirteen pipes, but sat up rather late.'"
The valetudinarian, in vain,
Tried all his powers, the torrent to restrain ;
No longer doubted that the man was mad,
And rang the bell, with all the strength he had.
That moment the attorney, ripe for work,
Attended by a witness, and a clerk,
Had heard, astonished, that his place was taken,
But fondly hop'd the shopman was mistaken ;
Abruptly entering, the Doctor found
Reading his work, regarding none around ;
For Comicus so high in feelings wrought,
Of nothing but his own production thought,
Though all the family, in dire dismay,
Had crowded up, to see the strange affray.

Cries Comicus, " I beg you'd all be seated,
" Till I the present canto have repeated :—
" ' Landlord, a merry pleasant little fellow,
" ' Brews his own beer,—'tis strong, but very mellow."
The lawyer now resolv'd to stop the jest,
Seizing the Doctor, begg'd he would desist ;
A mutual grasp ensued, in conflict strong,
Each drawing his antagonist along ;
But Comicus, with shake, made powder fly
From lawyer's wig, that blinded every eye.
At length, o'erpower'd by numbers, he was made
To reach the shop by motion retrograde ;
Nor stopp'd they, till once more into the street,
With many an angry blow, they set his feet.
The Doctor, still a stranger to the reason,
Of such indignance shewn at such a season,
Thought 'twas the usual plan, when in their airs,
That booksellers could shew the way down stairs.
Cursing the race, he vowed he'd never more
Venture his life within a printer's door ;
And hop'd some better project still to find,
Less painful to the body and the mind.
But while the Doctor thus pursued his way,
Lamenting o'er the evils of the day,
A lottery office met his roving eye,
Which told of prizes numerous, and high ;
Like lightning, every other project flew,
And former hopes were kindled here anew ;
For forty pounds was still the Doctor's store,
And fortune whispered how to make it more :

The road to future honor now was plain,
'Twas but to purchase, and the prize obtain.
Physic and authorship were quickly found
Inferior thoughts to thirty thousand pounds!
To-morrow was the all important day,
When fortune would her costly favors pay.
The Doctor, entering slow the office door,
Cautious drew forth his still remaining store,
" I want," asked he, with pleasure in his eyes,
" A ticket that will surely bring a prize;
" One that to-morrow morning will be found
" A title to a thirty thousand pound!"
Quick o'er the counter various numbers flew,
From which the Doctor soon a favorite drew,
And felt secure, while he the money paid,
His troubles o'er,—his future fortune made.
Now in the office, counting o'er her store,
Stood a frail damsel, verging on threescore,
To whom dame Fortune in a favorite mood,
A share in no mean treasure had bestowed.
Three times this blooming cyprian had been married,
Yet still for one more lord and master tarried;
And as she plac'd the money in her purse,
Identified it with another spouse.
She look'd like one who had her carcase sold
To B——ks, or some anatomist as bold;
And had by abstinence and preparation,
Prepared herself for easy demonstration;
Indeed so very slender was her nature,
Nothing was wanting but articulator.

Art had done much to decorate her form,
For time had taken all her teeth by storm;
But a new set an artist had supplied,
Of pearly whiteness, which the loss defied.
One eye was glass, for in contention stout,
The original had long been stricken out.
One leg was superannuated and discharg'd,
And one of cork the vacant place engag'd;
Issue she had,—for though so much defac'd,
A monstrous one in t'other leg was plac'd.
The Doctor's form soon caught her living eye,
Whilst e'en the glassy one look'd monstrous sly.
She would have smiled, had not the curious spring
Which fix'd her teeth, prohibited the thing;
Yet still she gave a look with feeling fraught,
Which soon our Galen's deep attention caught;
For though the Doctor ne'er in wedlock's bands
Had, with a fair one ventured to join hands,
He'd long resolv'd the blissful state to try,
Whene'er a proper suiter might come nigh.
Nature together never could have brought
Two souls so very likely to be caught:
For both their tenements were made so thin,
A very small partition lay between.
With ecstasy the Doctor eyed the maid,
Which soon the secret of his heart betrayed;
Love's palpitation seiz'd her troubled breast,
As Comicus his anxious wish exprest,—
"Madam," says he, "to me it's very plain,
"You are labouring under some internal pain;

" Your palid face is as devoid of glow,
" As mountains cover'd with eternal snow.
" Yet, pray excuse the bold intruding gaze,
" That could such sweet and blest commotions raise
" The flame enkindled by your own bright eyes,
" You surely would not damp, or fain despise."
The soft, complying fair, upon his arm,
With looks expressive, rested every charm;
And Comicus soon from the office bore
His prize, whose eyes could only reach the floor.
Not Paris knew more ecstasy of soul,
When he the blooming Helena had stole,
Than Comicus, o'ercome with every charm,
Admir'd the princely treasure on his arm.
The lady soon found language to convince
The admiring Doctor of her consequence;
Hinted her character might be mistaken,
From such a hasty step as she had taken;
And begg'd the Doctor would not further press
His suit, but merely leave her his address;
That female character was easy tainted,
But thought they might still further be acquainted.
Says Comicus, " Fair lady, sure I see
" Your modesty and beauty both agree;
" Fain would I wait a more auspicious hour,
" Should fortune ever place it in my power,
" But honesty requires no mean prelude,
" Nor absence should on joys, like ours, intrude;
" When nature fits two souls for mutual joy,
" Absence and etiquette will only cloy.

" I'm perfect stranger to the arts of town,
" But just arrived, and have no settled home."
" Sir," cries the lady, " could I but repose
" My confidence in what my wishes choose;
" But, ah! too often your deceitful race
" Are merely caught with an attractive face,
" And leave the yielding fair one to complain
" That her own kindness form'd the source of pain."
" Ah, madam, should but once your generous breast,
" Although unworthy, own me for its guest,
" My future life", says Comicus, " shall prove
" How much fidelity and truth I love."
The love-sick swains, regardless of the crowd,
Ventured to speak their sentiments aloud;
For Galen's lovely nymph requir'd each word
To be distinctly uttered, ere she heard;
And fancying others the same failing had,
Always return'd the compliment as loud.
For Comicus most fondly hop'd the fair
Would soon his present poverty repair;
Some cash he knew she had, and if 'twas all,
'Twas not, by any means, a fortune small;
Besides, should his own ticket give a prize,
(The golden vision's certain in his eyes)
United fortunes, and united hands,
Would make them happy in sweet hymen's bands.
But while the tenderest passions of the soul
Had o'er the bosom of each party stole;
'Twas prov'd that cork, though worked with wondrous skill,
Could ne'er be brought a stimulus to feel:

The widow, tir'd of dragging long behind,
A leg, which only serv'd to pain her mind,
Soon found within a hackney coach some rest,
While Comicus his suit still further prest:
For he was one who always held it right,
To keep a favorite project close in sight,
And follow up his plan, with might and main,
Till he the wish'd-for object could obtain.
The widow long had tried her every scheme,
To gain a husband, either great or mean—
But one condition only had her plan,
And that was—that her spouse should be a man;
But as for form, or size, or education,
She thought these subjects of mere speculation.
Three times the sacred altar she had grac'd,
And each dear spouse had in the church-yard plac'd.
A tailor once had claim'd her for his own,
With whom, for years, she occupied the throne,
And stitch'd in contact with the cross-legg'd knight,
Heated his goose, and kept his irons bright;
Till death commission'd, with a fatal twitch,
From this vain world, conveyed old Mr. Stitch.
A tanner next, old Stitch's place supplied,
Who often shew'd his skill upon her hide;
But dying, left her such a good round sum.
It well apologiz'd for all humdrum.
The last who claim'd this little prodigy,
Was an old captain from the boisterous sea,
A toping soul, who would, with sparkling wine,
Make e'en his own and partner's nose to shine.

But, ah! what ills connubial bliss betide!
The noble captain sprung a leak—and died.
Again unhalter'd, and from fetters free,
United still in wedlock she would be.
A moderate fortune still the widow own'd;
A cottage, too, with modern goods adorn'd.
'Twas here she order'd Coachee to set down,
Two miles beyond the bustle of the town.
Now Comicus, as on the carriage roll'd,
With many an am'rous glance, his story told;
And the kind widow also, in her turn,
Her history, too, related with concern:
Mention'd her former husbands, with a sigh,
Then turn'd on Comicus her single eye;—
In short, before the house appear'd in view,
Their mutual purposes each other knew;
And only waited for the morrow's sun,
To have the important ceremony done.
Here let us pause—and ask the sober sage,
What 'tis that can attract the mind in age,
When beauty glows no longer on the cheek,
When sight is dim, and memory is weak?—
What, then, remains to feed the sacred fire,
Or kindle in the breast the fond desire!—
Poets and painters must describe no more,
If love be found commencing at threescore;
And Cupid should be found in amorous play,
'Midst age's silver locks, and eyebrows grey.
Let such vain dotards know that love's a charm,
Which does decrepitude but ill become;

Age is no time to play the fine coquette;
Youth can but smile when love and wrinkles meet;
And those whom they should rev'rence and adore,
If fond still youthful, they'll respect no more.
Children shall mock such hoary-headed fools,
And boast of greater wit in infant schools;
And plead excuse for every vile excess,
When guardians can with ecstasy caress.

Canto the Eighth.

" Then, let us not, with fruitless care,
Expect perfection in the fair ;
But since we cannot live without 'em,
Take them, with all their faults about 'em."

La Fontaine.

When wise and virtuous men discreetly penn'd
The marriage service for the noblest end,
Perhaps, unwittingly, still they confess'd
Their private thoughts, by what they had express'd ;
" Dearly beloved" was the tender term,
With which the holy contract was began ;
But, strange ! they ended all the silken bands,
" Amazement" at the dread conclusion stands.
Marriage, by magic power, can quickly shew
What longest courtships never brings to view ;
Love is a spell, that ceases with the hour
Which puts the lovers in each other's power ;
A stimulus that quickens circulation,
'Till wedlock brings it to its proper station ;
'Tis music, that diverts us by the way,
Till up the curtain flies, and shews the play ;

Or pleasing gales, which serve but to convey
To shores connubial, and then die away.
Ah! such is love, a false and foolish tale,
Which, when once told, is irksome, dry, and stale;
Yet foolish mortals—ignorant and blind,
Hope all through life, the sovereign charm to find.
When man reflects, what 'tis that love inspires,
And coolly of its properties enquires;
When 'tis remember'd its existence lies
In form, in fancy, or in sparkling eyes;
That mere externals only can inspire
The glowing feelings of a lover's fire;
'Tis plain, that accident or fierce disease
May rob the beauty of her power to please—
'Tis then the once admiring lover finds,
True beauty is in unison of minds.
Unnumber'd motives actuate mankind,
In wedlock some essential good to find;
Some marry, just to settle, but when o'er,
They're found far more unsettled than before:
Marriage is oft the slave of titles great,
Or made the mere conveyance of estate;
Pride and revenge, or earnest wish of friends,
Too often victims to the altar sends:
And then repining at their wayward fate,
The odium falls too often on the state.
But, ah! let inconsiderate beings know,
Marriage is bliss, when prudence makes it so.
The Doctor had employed the previous night
In settling all preliminaries right,

And had, till midnight, spent the pleasing hours,
Assisted by the grapes' enchanting powers:
For in the widow's house was ample store
Of what the captain call'd his "vital power;"
He bless'd the lucky day that brought him nigh
One that could well his every want supply.
The Doctor's lively jokes, and cheerful song,
Had quick beguil'd the evening hours along;
And he so well had played a lover's part,
The widow freely yielded up her heart;
Nor doubted but in Comicus to find
A guardian friend—a husband truly kind.
The Doctor, although fortune was his goal,
For other pleasures had a tender soul;
He scorn'd the meanness, that, for sake of gain,
Would make a woman's life a life of pain;
And strove, with kindness, amply to repay
The favors she had scatter'd in his way.
The wretch who would obtain a woman's hand,
Merely to have her fortune at command,
And then employ the power she bestow'd,
To make her life a living widowhood,
Deserves, from every honest man, a frown,
A monster! whom the virtuous should disown.
Early the Doctor rose, fresh to survey
What would be his before the close of day;
High beat his heart, as he survey'd it round,
To think a freeholder he'd soon be found,
And seated down for life, in sweet content,
So good a wife, and such a tenement;

Thought roll'd on thought, and fill'd the Doctor's soul,
As o'er the garden walks he silent stole;
Each blooming flower that grew around the place,
Seem'd smiling, to behold a master's face;
The little pig, that grunted in the sty,
Seem'd to view Comicus with friendly eye;
And e'en the pony, grazing in the mead,
With pointed ears, would now no longer feed.
Quoth Comicus, "My troubles now are o'er,
"Nor doubt, nor danger shall disturb me more;
"Here in this snug retreat I'll set me down,
"Nor heed the haughty smile, or envious frown.
"If fortune give me a convenient store,
"My heart, content, would wish for nothing more;
"With pipe and jug, an evening hour regale,
"And please myself and others with my tale."
But while the Doctor form'd his every scheme,
Betty arous'd him from his pleasant theme;
'Twas breakfast-time, and now the blooming bride
Waited her lord and master, at her side;
Array'd in white, the yielding damsel stood,
As her lov'd mate appear'd in smiling mood;
"Madam," said he "on this auspicious morn,
"When sacred bands are soon to make us one,
"Let me present this rose, my favorite flower,
"'Twill serve to cheer you in the solemn hour;
"Fit emblem of yourself, the blushing rose,
"Unconscious, nothing of its beauty knows:
"This bud I'll wear—t'will only serve to shew,
"In courtship worth, which should in wedlock blow."

The admiring nymph, with pleasure, wore the prize,
And almost wish'd, for once, she had two eyes,
For one was scarce sufficient to admire
A lover fill'd with so much youthful fire;
" Dear sir," the widow cries, " I'll strive to prove
" Myself an object worthy of your love;
" And my obedience, and your converse gay,
" Shall make each morn just as a wedding-day."
Says Comicus, " Through many a rugged road,
" Pensive and sad, for happiness I've trod;
" But now, no more shall wanderings mark my way,
" Happy and cheerful, here, with thee, I'll stay;
" No wish I'll know, but thee, my spousc, to please,
" My labour shall be love, and duty, ease.
" Together will we glide through life's dull vale;
" Kind, without folly, nor with anger, pale;
" Stern death shall find us friends, and when we part,
" Fond memory hold possession of the heart;
" And friends and foes, alike impell'd, shall say—
" Bliss was our object, harmony the way."
With mutual ardour, now the pair embrace,
And seal'd their mutual promise, face to face;
And seated at the table, soon began
For the day's pleasure, to arrange some plan.
The widow kept, for use, a one-horse chair,
In which to church they purpos'd to repair;
For they had fix'd to tie the gordian knot
Some miles from town, in a much favor'd spot.
Now in the widow's service liv'd a man,
A faithful servant—swarthy African;

And 'twas resolv'd, as slaves were now all free,
Mongo should at the ensuing nuptials be;
For Comicus was one who long admir'd
That soul with true benevolence inspir'd,
Who dar'd the friend of Afric's sons to be,
And break the galling chain of slavery!
The chair arriv'd; the Doctor, with much grace,
Handed his blushing charmer to her place,
Whose long white veil, with Cupids tambour'd o'er,
Hiding her native charms, yet gave her more;
In her right-hand a spangled fan was seen,
Which, twice before, had to the altar been;
With parasol her other hand was grac'd,
Lest, by the sun, her charms should be defac'd;
So white her garments, and so brown her face,
She looked a little like the Caffrian race.
Her Doctor soon was seated by her side,
Still with his copious brimmer well-supplied;
And wig that, from its monstrous form and size,
Look'd more like one that travell'd to assize,
Than one that was soon destin'd to repair
To hymen's altar, with a blooming fair;
The captain's small-clothes serv'd the Doctor's need,
Once more from unbecoming slavery freed;
From the same store a pair of white silk hose
Were drawn, and silver buckles for his shoes:
The Doctor's legs, when freed from antique boots,
Look'd like two suckers, torn up by the roots,
Or like a brace of mattocks, just to hide
A legless knight, upon a morning's ride;

But generous nature gave him store to boot,
And kindly plac'd the substance in his foot;
Each great appendage dangling to his shank,
Look'd like a hedge-stake drove into a plank;
The captain's small-clothes, at the Doctor's knees,
Was well adapted both for air and ease,
For if both legs had been cramm'd in one side,
They would not have the vacancy supplied;
His hose, too, where the captain's calves had been,
On his lean shanks, like empty sacks, were seen.
But three-feet-seven, the Doctor's lady was,
While six-feet-six his own lean carcase rose:
Size she had none, as nature, for a treat,
Had made her all alike, from head to feet.
But Mungo fatten'd in the widow's stall,
And was as wide almost as he was tall.
All mounted now, and other business done,
With cheerful pace, the cavalcade mov'd on;
And Mungo, on a donkey, rode behind,
With large white favors, streaming in the wind.
Sweet is the morning, when the lovely bride,
With the admiring bridegroom at her side,
To hymen's altar cheerfully repairs,
With spirits light, and breast devoid of cares;
When village children, met in sportive play,
Scatter the choicest flowers in her way;
When parents drop the sweet, intruding tear,
And memory calls to mind when they were there;
When sonorous bells give out their merry peal;
And dancing damsels fresh emotions feel:

It seems the heavenly hour, when human bliss
Reaches the highest point of happiness.
Ah ! these are joys which virtue only knows ;
Pleasures, unknown to stern connubial foes.
The debauchee may rove from flower to flower,
And celibacy seek the grove and bower ;
'Tis vain,—kind heaven for social man designs
A partner, and in her true joy he finds.
Hail, wedded life ! 'tis thou alone can yield
True joy, and from ignoble vices shield.
Parent of virtue ! guardian of mankind !
Religion's friend ! the balance of the mind :
Let pagans boast the freedom of their will,
And plead their boasted privileges still ;
Let rakes and monsters, slaves to every lust,
Tread the commands of heaven to the dust ;
Hail ! wedded life !—still shall thy beauty find,
Friends where true virtue dignifies the mind.
Such joys old Comicus began to feel,
Although he'd taken wedlock by the heel ;
Though late in life, yet 'twas to him the hour
When love first held him in her sovereign power.
Defects, it must be own'd, his bride had got,
But, then, the anxious bridegroom saw them not :
For where one man deformity can spy,
It may be beauty, in another's eye ;
The very features which some men affright,
May yield to others a supreme delight ;
O'er human fancy nature still presides,
And for all faces kindly thus provides.

Now Comicus was no great charioteer,
Although he'd too much mind to yield to fear;
About the laws of the road he nothing knew,
Nor feats, which members of the "whip club" do,
Who overturn a chaise, by certain rules,
And leave mere accident alone to fools;
Who can a seven-feet thong so aptly ply,
To touch a vein, or capitate a fly,
Who bring the elbows to a state quadratic,
And speak to tits in language systematic:
The paradox he never understood,
Which constitutes the order of the road;
Nor could he think while travelling along,
To keep the right side, ever could be wrong.

The husband yielded to his bride the whip,
For fear that he should let the leather slip;
Each hand contain'd a rein, at distance wide,
While both his cheeks with wind were well supplied;
And his attention seem'd as much engag'd
As if some accident his mind presag'd.
Full ten long miles the vehicle had roll'd,
And Comicus had many a story told—
Of youthful feats, of which his village boasted,
And told of many a village lass he'd toasted;
But fickle fortune, though she seem'd so kind,
Had still misfortunes left for him behind:
For trouble always with our pleasure comes,
When man upon his happiness presumes.

Two donkeys feeding on the public road,
Soon recogniz'd the one which Mungo strode,
And try'd some vocal pleasure to afford,
While Mungo's beast instinctively encor'd.
'Tis only those who have the pleasure found,
Of hearing donkies give a trio round,
Can guess to what a height the concert rose,
As Comicus survey'd his long-ear'd foes;
The Doctor's lady clung around so tight,
'Twas evident she heard with no delight:
He would have spoken to allay her fears,
But 'twas in vain—the chorus drown'd her ears;
And Comicus, by smiling, seem'd to tell,
In spite of pony's speed, that all was well.
But, ah! twas wrong; for, from a speedy trot,
His pony to a hasty gallop got
In vain, the Doctor pull'd with all his might,
It only serv'd to increase the pony's fright;
Swifter and swifter still the wheels flew round,
The pony's feet scarce lighting on the ground.
The affrighted Mungo tried with many a blow,
To make his beast a little faster go;
The musicians, too, invited to the chase,
Join'd in full cry, and follow'd in the race
The church appear'd,—but, ah! the affrighted pair
Could only, with regret, upon it stare!
While many a village boy light o'er the ground,
Resolv'd to know where Comicus was bound.
But soon the pony tir'd of the sport,
Regardless of politeness, halted short;

And quick the affrighted pair, from limbo freed,
By shewing both a passage o'er his head.
The buxom widow, 'midst her pain and fright,
Had clung around her paramour so tight,
That Comicus of ballast had no lack,
But reach'd the ground, with lady on his back;
Thus both seem'd destined in one fate to share,
For what could separate so kind a pair?
The luckless widow had, per force of fall,
Reliev'd her orbit from the glassy ball;
But quickly seizing on the precious store,
Replac'd it hastily, wrong side before.
But, ah! 'tis seldom troubles come alone:
A still worse fate befel the artist's bone,
Swift o'er the road the widow's 'grinders flew,
While half-way in her mouth her lips withdrew.
The Doctor's caput ornaments likewise
Departing, fill'd the lady with surprise!—
So dread a form reliev'd her from all fear,
That she should ugly in his eyes appear:
For ne'er on earth was such a cranium seen,
Or eyes, that boasted such a wall between.
With reins in hand, her partner quickly rose,
And would have kiss'd his dearest, but for nose;
Surprised, he view'd his angel's alter'd form,
One eye was chang'd, and mouth of teeth forlorn;
But these were trifles in his amorous eye,
For what defects can anxious lovers spy.
Art's misapplied, whene'er it tries to hide
Those marks of time which should be age's pride;

Those who require the skilful artist's aid,
To fill the chasms which passing years have made,
Prove that no inward merit they possess,
And their own folly still aloud confess ;
Age has as much true worth to charm our minds,
When man the inward germ of reason finds,
As inexperienc'd youth, although it shew
The crimson cheek, or bosom white as snow ;
But age, when once it leaves its proper place,
To play the lover, or to court grimace,
Unequal to the task, must quickly lie
Detected, and o'erwhelm'd with infamy.
In modern days 'tis difficult to say,
Or young, or old, you follow in the way ;
A sprightly lass you hastily pursue,
Just of her charms to catch a transient view,
Her back exhibits youth in all its prime,
Arrayed in gaudy plumes, she steps to shine ;
With hasty feet, at length you reach the prize,
A maiden of fourscore, now meets your eyes!
Disgusted with the sight, you turn away,
Blaming the foolish costumes of the day.
There was a time when Britons would disdain
To decorate with trash an ancient dame ;
When youth and age their different states confess'd,
Each in their proper characteristics dress'd ;
When age would boast of age, and not abuse
The senses, with the fopperies they now use ;
But all is vain, for winter still must yield
To spring, the empire of the frost-clad field.

Ah! let the virtues of declining days,
Like winter's evening charms, remembrance raise,
That each succeeding race may grateful sing,
The winter where they mellow'd for the spring.
The Doctor now recovering from surprise,
Felt all his mighty energies arise,
And in a strain of rhetoric profound,
His lady's griefs in sweetest language drown'd.
" Madam," said he, " the bliss in which we share,
" Might well for trouble make us both prepare,
" For such disasters only serve to shew
" That kindest pairs their lot of trouble know.
" It is the bitter draught, that gives a zest
" To those delights with which true love is bless'd;
" And mutual sorrows only serve to bless,
" Our mutual joys with greater happiness."
The widow only sighed, and cast a look
Upon her knight, which no knight ere mistook;
For had she spoken, tongue, for want of fence,
She knew would form a dangerous prominence;
For if, in spite of teeth, the ladies fair,
Can scarcely keep the noisy member there,
When teeth no longer guard the dangerous space,
Escape it will, though jaws still guard the place.
Now soon the loving pair their track pursu'd
To church, which just behind the village stood;
And clerk and Mungo had walk'd on before,
To greet the happy pair, with open door;
While half the village followed in the rear,
To enjoy the sight of such a novel pair.

The village priest, although a man of grace,
Was one who ne'er was master of his face—
A son of Momus, who, in spite of form,
An oddity or quiddity would take by storm ;
Across the boisterous deep for years he'd sail'd,
As chaplain, when the brunt of war prevail'd ;
But feeling in his breast that fire burn,
Which proudly marks old England's every son,
In action hot, upon the deck he flew,
When whistling balls assail'd his sturdy crew,
And there evincing bravery of mind,
Like many more, had left a leg behind.
The bridegroom, as he led his one-ey'd bride,
Hobbling upon her cork leg, at his side,
Look'd like a tall fir-tree, that came to wed,
One of the lowest shrubs in nature's bed ;
Nor Gulliver more lofty could be seen,
Had he produc'd the Lilliputian queen.
The priest, in spite of prudence, quickly found
His risibility was gaining ground ;
For he could quick perceive the blushing bride,
Was like himself, with a cork leg supplied,
He in a hearty laugh was quickly join'd
By all the gaping villagers behind.
Silence proclaim'd, he begg'd it might be stated,
By what surnames the pair were designated—
" I'm Richard Comicus," the Doctor cried,
" And Phillis Neverflinch is nam'd my bride."
" Dearly beloved," said the smiling priest
" Yes," cries the Doctor, " you have said the least,

" She is to me beloved, sir, indeed;
" But beg your reverence pardon, pray proceed."
A hundred odd remarks the Doctor found,
Before he was in hymen's fetters bound;
And ne'er a village priest so well could say,
How difficult it was to laugh and pray.
The Doctor seal'd the contract with a kiss,
The first and last of some, but not of his;
And straightway from the sacred altar led
The trembling bride, and towards the village sped:
High beat his heart, as 'cross the flowery mead,
Mungo, with jump ecstatic, took the lead;
While smiling groups, that round the lovers press'd,
Their pleasure and surprise by turns express'd.
Now Comicus determined that the day,
In sportive pleasure should be pass'd away
His former sorrows seem'd aloud to say—
Joy reigns alone on this triumphant day.
As some wreck'd mariner, 'midst many a shock,
Essays to climb the lone but friendly rock,
Gains, after many a slip, the wish'd-for seat,
And sees the angry ocean at his feet;
So Comicus his present summit view'd,
Far from the roarings of life's chequer'd flood;
'Twas pleasure all, and not an angry wave
Disturb'd his breast, and former trouble gave.
From different sources fickle mortals find
A bliss to captivate and charm the mind;
The very point to which some mortals press,
As the elysium of true happiness,

Is the dread spot from which, in terror flies
A crowd, to escape their cruel destinies;
No happiness is found until the goal,
Is fix'd within the precincts of the soul;
Who wanders farthest from himself, to find
This happiness, will always be behind;
No real felicity can mortals know,
Till their own hearts the precious gem can shew;
Contentment makes the greatest evils fly,
The desert blooms, and captivates the eye;
The threat'ning clouds emit the pervious ray,
And darkest night is chang'd to brightest day;
Contentment, like the bee, can draw a sweet
From bitterest flowers, and make e'en poison meat;
Doth bless the heart it fills with solid peace,
While all around their own distress increase.
Had Comicus, like other simple men,
In mere externals sought content to gain,
His bride the least contentment could have given,
Of all beneath the canopy of heaven;
For not a single vestige could be seen,
Even to shew where beauty once had been;
But, happy for the bride, external charm
Could neither please, or ugliness alarm:
For Comicus alike all faces view'd,
And kindred sentiments alone pursu'd.
The conquest gain'd, no more the widow tried
Her personal anomalies to hide,
And gave sufficient proof that those are wrong,
Who think that loss of teeth will still the tongue.

In conversation gay, this novel pair
Soon reach'd the village inn, the "Dog and Hare,"
Where 'twas resolv'd to pass the nuptial night
In rural peace, with undisturb'd delight,
To keep the wedding-day, as some folks call it,
Who take good care no other shall forestall it,
And think, from matrimonial vows they're clear,
If they are friendly once in every year.
A cask of beer the Doctor vow'd should be
Devoted to the day's festivity;
And that the village damsels should be seen
Dancing, at dusky eve, upon the green,
For Comicus most dearly lov'd to see
Nature in all her gay simplicity;
The pomp of courts, the bustle of the town,
To him were objects that he did disown,
A child of nature, he, and all beside,
Seem'd but the effects of affluence and pride.
Alas! those days are o'er, the simple swain
No longer breathes the pureness of the plain;
The golden days of innocence are flown,
When vice in villages was scarcely known;
When virtue seated on the blooming cheek,
Was mark'd by innocence, and carriage meek;
When rustic beauty with unconscious smile,
And auburn hair, and heart devoid of guile,
Breath'd purity around, would smile or cry,
And blush and tremble, tho' they knew not why.
All now is past, vice holds her hateful throne,
Alike in villages, alike in town.

The Doctor now his numerous guests supplied
With the best fare the landlord could provide;
And mirth and harmony alike prevail'd,
While each in noisy joke or songs regal'd;
And many a village lad and lass still say—
Well, we rejoic'd on that auspicious day.
Now Comicus had ask'd the village priest
To join the party, at his wedding-feast:
A kindred soul, who, like the Doctor, knew
What 'twas to share in joy, and sorrow too.
For five miles round the story quick was told,
And many a carriage to the village roll'd;
Each stranger by our hero soon was greeted,
And at the festive board as kindly seated;
'Twas sprightly all,—for pleasure mark'd the way,
And mutual bliss crown'd the auspicious day.
The Doctor now his history freely told,
Delighting, equally, the young and old;
And still more pleas'd, the now enraptur'd throng,
By once more joining in a cheerful song.

Over life's stormy sea
We are destin'd to pass,
And the huge wave of trouble in fury will roll;
What though storms beat around
And calamities press,
Contentment's the anchor that steadies the soul.

The sons of ambition,
And votaries of pride,
Together may waste out a long stormy day;
'Tis but little we want,
And that little we have,
If the star of contentment marks out the blest way.

What signifies riches,
Or titles, or power,
If care, like the ocean, is rolling around;
A crown, or a palace,
Can yield us no bliss,
If still in the heart no contentment is found.

What kind providence sends
I would freely enjoy,
Nor repine at my fate, though but little is sent,
I'd part with that little,
Nor e'en drop a tear,
If kind heaven, with poverty, gave me content.

What though o'er my grave
No high marble should rise,
The unmeaning relics of grandeur and pride;
Each companion who treads
On the hillock, shall say—
Contented he liv'd, and contented he died.

But now the lasses were in parties seen,
In rustic dance, light tripping o'er the green;
And Comicus and spouse at window sat,
Secure from bustle, and enjoy'd the treat;
Till midnight shades, intruding slow between,
Dispers'd the different groups across the green.
The Doctor entertain'd his one-ey'd bride
With many a song, still smoking at her side;
And she return'd with many a warbling note,
That seem'd to bid defiance to her throat.
In conversation gay, the moments flew,
Till every soul from busy scenes withdrew.
Here let us draw the friendly curtain round,
Till morning's beams shall wake from sleep profound.

In man's short history, what various scenes
Of joy and sorrow quickly supervenes;
How quickly seven ages pass away,
The seven short acts that constitute the play:
Age laughs at youth, and youth oft laughs at age,
'Tis heterogeneous all that fills the page;
At the same altar frequently is seen
The wrinkled dame, the virgin of fifteen;
In vain man claims superior mental powers,
When minor tribes are more correct than ours;
When instinct shews a more unerring way,
Than nature's lord, in this luxurious day;
When nature's dictates only guide our ways,
Man, of all animals, most often strays;
Where reason has by nature been denied,
Instinct becomes a safe and proper guide;
But man, if reason leave her sovereign place,
Sinks from the grandest to the meanest race.
In man's proud heart unnumber'd evils roll,
Reason's the proper compass of the soul.
The helm, that guides amidst the stormy way,
The anchor, that can bid the action stay;
'Tis this, alone, true dignity bestows,
The light, that the blest path to honor shews;
The lamp, which heaven has given, to be our guide,
Our native beam—and all is dark beside.

Canto the Ninth.

"You'll find, at least, this maxim true,
Fools are the game that knaves pursue." Gay.

'Tis gravely ask'd, and that by men of sense,
If public lotteries will admit defence?
If smaller games of chance can be chastised,
While greater ones by law are legalized;
But sure, a mighty difference must be made
'Twixt private gambling and a public trade;
The lumb'ring wheel is nothing to the 'Change,
Where half the world for speculation range;
There every day presents a heavier scheme,
Than any Bish or Richardson have seen;
Through the wide world, or whether great or small,
Or rich, or poor, we see 'tis lottery all.
A public way to speculate for gain,
'Tis difficult to prove a nation's stain:
For since by speculation all must rise,
'Tis immaterial where they gain the prize;
So that the road is guarded from abuse,
By any scheme that's made for public use.

A lawful chance must bring a lawful gain,
Nothing without a risk, can we obtain ;
The risk is certain, and cannot exceed
What government, in wisdom, has decreed.
'Tis those who seek the midnight rendezvous,
Slaves to cassina, billiard, ball, and loo :
Who, in one hour, will plunge their whole estate,
And wives and children, in one common fate ;
'Tis these deserve the censures of the wise,
These are the men whom justice should chastise ;
These are the causes of a nation's ill,
That stimulate to trigger and to steel.
However noble, 'tis in man to try
To stem the torrent of iniquity ;
Not the small fry alone should they pursue,
But the leviathan should suffer too.
Objects of greatest good must ever fail,
Unless such sentiments as these prevail ;
Riches and power ought no man to befriend,
When public morals is the wish'd-for end.
Vice frequently assumes a specious name,
Which only wealth and power can maintain ;
Drove from the haunts of poverty, she flies
To courts, and there finds refuge in disguise.
Now Comicus, like other married men,
Intended to re-model every plan ;
For all consider, though it's rather strange,
That marriage will produce a sovereign change ;
Most hope their happiness it will secure,
And every wandering passion wholly cure.

But such experiments are often found,
Like their projectors, far from being sound;
At least they're always dangerous to try,
At the dread risk of others' misery;
The man who would a virtuous female take,
Just to escape the hateful charge of rake,
Who joins with virtue merely but to gain
A better character, a better name,
Deserves but little credit from the fair—
'Tis interest, not love, that leads him there.
Perhaps it might be difficult to say,
If interest with our hero did not sway;
True, he was poor—the widow had some gold,
And for love's gallantries was far too old;
The courtship, too, was certainly full short,
But that was nothing—he loved as he ought;
Truly, no beauty either person had,
The flimsy thing that ruins many a lad;
But still, his heart was generous and sincere,
No sordid, brutal passion led him there;
Deform'd and mutilated was his bride,
But then, he lov'd no other one beside;
His heart was her's, his best affections too,
No happiness but that of her's he knew.
Say then, ye prudes, although 'twas late in life,
Was Comicus unworthy of a wife?
The world's dread laugh the Doctor could despise,
He an original, his wife likewise;
And whether envious worldlings laugh'd or frown'd
The Doctor's highest wishes here were crown'd.

Poor Mungo, rising with the dawn of day,
Waited his simple compliments to pay ;
His feeling heart o'erwhelm'd with many a fear,
Sent down his sable cheek the trickling tear.
One master only had the Afric known,
Whose tender sympathies had won his own.
Drag'd from his native coast by lawless bands,
Transported weeping into foreign lands ;
Immur'd, chastis'd, the slave of lawless will,
Mungo had known variety of ill ;
Deep in his back the ignoble furrows lay,
Plough'd by the galling lash of tyranny ;
When, beast-like, he was dragg'd from fold to fold,
The victim of intolerance and gold.
Yet on Britannia's coast the slave had found
His fetters burst on the enchanted ground.
He'd trod the soil where every man is free,
And tastes the heavenly bliss of liberty.
But 'neath this scourg'd, this dark and swarthy form,
Their lay a heart, to best affections warm,
A soul that prov'd an African can know,
To smile at joy, and melt at others' woe.
Beneath the window of the sleeping pair,
Mungo that morning hasten'd to repair ;
And there beguil'd to him the moments long,
By serenading with his artless song.

Where Niger flows from west to east,
In Negroland, where black man dwell,
Where white men call poor black a beast,
And Arabs come to buy and sell ;

There Mungo stole from dearest friends,
To serve the white man's basest ends,
A slave became!

In vain, poor Mungo's mother cried,
When brutal sailors lin'd the coast;
They laugh'd, and all her cries defied,
O'er me, her little black boy, lost;
Sailing across the great salt sea,
And mother left to weep for me:
Her son a slave!

To different masters I assign'd,
And various hardships made to know,
Heaven sent at last one good and kind,
A friend, who could compassion shew;
He set poor black on English land,
Where, if poor black man once can stand,
He's slave no more!

But, ah! that friend is dead and gone,
His memory black man holds most dear;
May heaven send Mungo such a one
In massa, who is sleeping here;
Mungo can still his massa love,
And will, by best obedience, prove
A slave, though free.

Now soon the Doctor and his loving bride,
Were seated in the parlour, side by side,
And if a famous artist had been there,
He might have made a fortune by the pair;
For Mrs. Comicus in morning dress,
'Tis vain for human language to express,
An artist's pencil only could describe,
A bridegroom such as he, and such a bride!

The breakfast-hour was spent in converse gay,
In forming schemes of pleasure for the day;
And soon within the chaise the pair were found,
The Doctor smack'd his whip, the wheels flew round,
For Mrs. Comicus had thought it right,
A very social party to invite;
A rare assemblage who were order'd soon,
To welcome in the joyous honey-moon;
For ever since the noble captain died,
With company to drown her griefs she'd tried,
And when alone, good brandy had produc'd
Her every joy, though husband was refus'd;
But she, like others, who would banish grief,
And seek from potent juices quick relief,
Not only drove her sorrows from her view,
But oftentimes assail'd her senses too;
In short, she lov'd a drop, and when incog,
'Twas only recreation to drink grog.
Poor Mungo in his hat a favor shew'd,
Just to inform the people on the road;
To such a height did Mungo's zeal prevail,
His donkey carried favors, head and tail;
And e'en the pony too, upon his head,
A pair of monstrous ornaments display'd;
If plenitude of ribbon could convey
A servant's joy upon a wedding-day,
No faithful servant ever tried so hard,
To prove his satisfaction by the yard.
Now as they roll'd along, with spirits high,
A pond of water caught the pony's eye;

For midst the bustle at the country-inn,
No single drop of water had he seen,
Nor could the Doctor's skill prevent his feet
From turning to the all-inviting treat.
In vain the Doctor reason'd like a man,
On the absurdity of the pony's plan;
Protested that he must be void of reason,
To think of taking drink at such a season.
'Twas useless quite, for soon the party found
The liquid element the chaise surround;
For bridl'd high, the nag plung'd deeper in,
Till the much wish'd-for beverage touch'd his chin.
Aghast poor Mungo stood—thought all was o'er.
As the dear couple hasten'd from the shore,
Until at last the pony quiet stood,
To enjoy the cool refreshment of the flood.
In vain the Doctor argued that the beast,
Well satisfied, should now return at least;
Quiet he stood, and shewed that he preferr'd
The cooling stream more than the dusty road.
In vain, his every power the Doctor tried,
To keep his lady somewhat pacified;
But hydrophobia seiz'd her with such force,
She'd scream'd until she was completely hoarse.
Her spouse soon saw it altogether vain,
Surrounded by the water to remain;
For neither whip nor rein, with many a shake,
Could make the pony half a step retake;
Nor 'midst the crowd who came to enjoy the treat,
Was one who would the *terra firma* quit.

Mungo had flown to his good master's need,
But he could neither coax, nor fright the steed,
So yielding was the well soak'd ground below,
He neither could retreat, or further go,
But stood fast clinging to the pony's rein,
Crying aloud for further help, in vain;
At length, the Doctor, driven to despair,
Resolv'd himself his timid spouse to bear;
And lighting from the chaise, the bottom found,
Then grasp'd his lady's tenement around;
With speed, in spite of mud, his uxor bore,
'Midst shouts of triumph, safely to the shore.
The pony now releas'd from half his load,
With many a desperate struggle, reach'd the road;
While Mungo clingling tightly all the while
Escap'd with vehicle from durance vile.
His lady now recovering from her fright,
Began to pass encomiums on her knight,
And blest the lucky fortune that could send
So good a husband, and so brave a friend.
Says Comicus, "'tis in the trying hour
" A husband should exert his every power,
" 'Tis only trouble that can fairly prove
" Man's resolution, or a woman's love.
" Ah! often while the son of pleasure shines,
" Many a couple satisfaction finds;
" But if some dark misfortune come between,
" No longer is the same affection seen.
" The hour when wedded pairs true comfort needs
" Discord their former harmony succeeds;

" And every little trouble's greater made,
When anger and revenge their souls pervade."
In many a flowery speech the Doctor told
His own opinions, as to town they roll'd ;
And more from chance than from the Doctor's skill,
They kept their distance from each passing wheel ;
Now though the Doctor might have reach'd his home,
Without a visit to the fam'd noisy town ;
Yet yielding to the wishes of his bride,
'Twas settled, through the town the pair should ride,
Tho' strange to him, his lady well could say,
Which was the nearest and most pleasant way.
Now as they towards the bustling city drew,
The lottery-office once more met his view ;
To all but matrimonial pleasures blind,
His ticket not for once had cross'd his mind ;
In sweet connubial rest he had been found,
While fortune's fickle wheel had gone its round ;
But now just hinting to his loving spouse,
Their former happy meeting at the house,
Resolv'd *en passant* it should be declar'd,
What fate his ticket in the wheel had shar'd.
'Twas bustle all, and each, with wide-stretch'd eyes
Were looking at the numbers, and the prize ;
An anxious crowd, who on dame Fortune wait,
To gain a casual favor, and be great.
Money's the bane of bliss, the source of woe,
Alike the poor man's and the rich man's foe ;
The world's chief idol which the Babel fills ;
A source prolific of ten thousand ills.

Yet 'tis the spring which moves the wheels of state,
The bauble which distinguishes the great;
Essential both to warfare and defence,
A substitute for virtue, or for sense.
Now Comicus who ne'er for once had tried,
To gain the public favor by outside,
Forgot that on his legs there still remain'd
Some stains, which in the horse-pond he had gain'd;
Indeed, 'twas very difficult to say,
What underneath the well-spread plaister lay.
Alike regardless both of smile and frown,
Without delay, he from the chaise got down;
And as he towards the lottery-office drew,
Numerous quizzing-glasses met his view;
A stranger figure ne'er perhaps was seen,
Since first it had a lottery-office been;
Here bucks, and bloods stood gazing round the place,
And *exquisites* of androginal race,
Who seem'd as if they would the mind perplex,
In judging both of nature and of sex.
The stare was mutual, for the Doctor view'd
These starch'd pretenders to mere womanhood;
With quite as much surprise as ever, they
Could do his well-soil'd hat or brimmer grey.
But soon the Doctor pressing through the crowd,
Enquir'd his ticket's fate, in language loud;
'Twas soon declar'd the number had been found
Entitl'd to a *thirty thousand pounds!*
"'Quantam sufficit,'" loud the Doctor cried,
As back he hasten'd to rejoin his bride,

And whisper'd softly, as he took his seat,
" Ut aliud, ex alis incidit."
New pleasures on the Doctor roll'd so fast,
His heart was nearly overwhelm'd at last ;
For there's a point, beyond which none can go
Alike in happiness, alike in woe ;
Besides, tho' late in life, yet fortune sent
Her favors on the Doctor cent. per cent. ;
'Twas like a fairy dream, so late in life,
A fortune she had given, and a wife.
Here contemplation led the Doctor's mind
Back to the village he had left behind :
'Twas poverty that drove him from the scene,
Where once almost an idol he had been ;
But now no more distress'd, the Doctor found
His heart still clinging to his native ground,
And complicated feelings made the tear
Of fond remembrance, on his cheek appear ·
Yet still the tear of joy—for yet he strove
To mingle his anxiety with love ;
And to his partner every kindness shew'd,
As they unto the cottage mark'd the road.
But he was one whom neither bliss nor woe,
Could long their different powers make to know
An equilibrium soon the Doctor found,
Alike when fortune smil'd, and when she frown'd
And as his first emotions died away,
Again he join'd in conversation gay ;
And solid schemes for future rest and joy,
In rich succession did his mind employ ;

'Twas flowery all, for every devious road,
Presented something mighty, great, and good;
But 'midst his golden dreams, the well-known sound
Of Betty, 'rous'd him from his thoughts profound;
With anxious heart, and still more anxious eye,
She'd waited long to see the chaise draw nigh,
Her every expectation now was crown'd,
And soon the pair within the house was found
Now Mistress Comicus had so long waited
To have her brandy inclinations sated,
That long before the wish'd for hour drew near
In which the visitants were to appear,
So often had she to the sideboard hied,
Her wants appear'd abundantly supplied
Indeed her nose began to look so red,
It seem'd to bid defiance to her head,
And ofter sent out such a coruscation,
As seem'd to threaten speedy conflagration
For nature in these Bacchanalian hours,
Blest her with furious amazonian powers,
And every soul had frequent cause to fly,
Who felt the least regard for nose or eye.
But these were hours of love, and Cupid still
Maintain'd his influence o'er the lady's will,
And in the softness of connubial hours,
Had neutraliz'd the brandy's sovereign power
By incoherence soon she demonstrated,
Her several thoughts were now conglomerated
But sleep, the toper's friend, now lent its aid,
And snoring in her chair, reclin'd the maid;

Whilst Comicus, at his dear wife's request,
Retir'd to take a little needful rest,
In order that he might refreshment gain,
Before the meeting of the social train.
Refresh'd, he woke, for not a trouble pre.
Upon his mind, or ruffl'd in his breast;
Joy was his own, and fortune seem'd to say—
No more shall sorrow mingle in the way.
Such moments oft occur, when life's dull road
Seems stript of every ill, and fill'd with good;
When human happiness seems quite secure,
And hope proclaims each future object sure;
O'er human life sometimes such meteors fly,
And give a transient lustre to the sky;
A casual blaze, which quickly passes o'er,
And leaves a greater darkness than before.
Whene'er that moment comes, in which the mind
No other wish to gratify can find,
'Tis only like the calm that comes between
The awful thunder in a stormy scene,
Some full-charg'd cloud amidst the calm is found,
Ready to scatter vengeance all around.
So long the Doctor slept, that ere he rose,
His partner had awoke from her repose,
And nothing in her countenance was seen,
But the scorch'd embers where the fire had been.
The evening came, and soon a hackney coach
Brought Mr. and Mrs. Lamb, and Mrs. Roach:
Lamb was a butcher, who much lov'd a treat,
And who had long supplied the widow's meat;

No one than him knew better how to cry,
At Newgate Market, "Now, ma'am, what d'ye buy?"
But as for compliments and *larned* life,
He left them *there* things always to his *vife*,
Indeed he thought her fit for any station,
And always highly prais'd her *hedecation*.
Now Mrs. Lamb had told him what to say,
For well she knew his weaknesses that way.
But he was butcher still, in spite of that,
And entering in, had quite forgot his hat;
His wife, quite angry, rudely squeez'd his toes,
As Comicus, in state, politely rose:—
"You've touch'd me to the quick," the butcher cries,
"Take off your hat, my dear," his wife replies;
"There now, my dear," says she, "do pray proceed,"
"No, if I can," says he, "may I be *flead!*"
"*Vy*, sir, I'm happy—surely you can speak,"
He ken'd her not, no more than hogs do Greek;
"*Vy* that wont do," the angry lady cries,
"*Vy* that wont do," the butcher quick replies;
"Odd rot your speeches!" said the man of meat,
"They stick upon my tongue like mutton suet;
"May I be stuck, if I know what to say.
"Let's see—it's something 'bout a *vedden*-day:
"*Vell* all as I can say—I *vishes vel*;
"And all the rest I'll leave my wife to tell."
But what the butcher had so vainly tried,
His prattling wife abundantly supplied;
For they'd a country-house, and when from town,
Nothing but "*vit*" and "*helegence*" went down;

Besides, she boasted that the " little lambs"
All play'd on music well with both their hands,
And that the music-master often said,
He *never* heard *no* better *hoctiffs* play'd ;
Indeed she stated, that in rainy weather,
They often play'd a solo all together.
The admiring butcher ey'd his prating spouse,
As she sat forth the honor of his house,
And look'd like many another sapient cit,
To whom dame fortune gives more gold than wit ;
While Mrs. Roach her testimony bore,
" She never saw such *complish'd* girls before ;"
Said, " Mr. Roach had begg'd her just to state,
" He was compell'd to go to Billingsgate :
" Lord Epicure had for a butler sent,
" Or else he'd not by any means have went."
Another coach soon Mrs. Pledge set down,
The lady of a pawnbroker in town.
She said, " 'twas two to one, that she got out,
" Her husband was so busy at the *spout ;*
" That Captain Flash was just about to go
" To Brighthelmstone, for a few weeks or so,
" And that he had at Pledge's door set down,
" With half a chaise full of his plate to pawn ;
" But hoped the Doctor would not take offence,
" As Flash's custom was of consequence ;
" She said, he'd many pledges to redeem,
" Before he could at Brighton well be seen.
" He'd got to take his gold repeater out,
" His snuff-box musical, and twelve cap'd coat;

" His diamond ring, his quizzing-glass and brooch,
" And military wrapper for the coach ;
" And half his lady's clothes, that were in pawn,
" Her diamond necklace, bracelets, silk and lawn.
" Her husband had to find ere they could go,
" And on the Steyne a proper grandeur shew."
Now Mrs. Comicus was like the rest,
With very little education blest ;
In fact, her parents always thought it right
That females never should be taught to write,
And ignorance had so far ta'en the lead,
So far from scribbling, she ne'er learnt to read.
A slave to dress, such slaves we often find,
Who try with lace to atone for want of mind,
But all is vain, for dress can never give
Those principles which teach us how to live ;
What though ten thousand diamonds shine around
The person where no cultivation's found ?
Fools may be dazzled with the glittering stones,
But they possess no charms for wisdom's sons ;
The mind alone attracts the man of sense,
Dress against folly is a poor defence.
Ah ! let those females know, who at the glass
One half their all-important hours pass,
The splendid bait they lay, will only bring
Some vile seducer to the tempting string,
The dazzling ornaments will quickly be
Succeeded by the weeds of infamy.
Where sentimental feeling bears the rule,
'Twill fright the lovers of our modern school ;

Like the fam'd angel at the ancient gate
Of Paradise, shall education wait;
And, as the flaming sword, shall still be found
Guarding the debauchee from holy ground.
The Doctor, though he was for pleasure ripe,
With Mr. Lamb, had smok'd a silent pipe;
Indeed the ladies gave but little chance,
For him one single story to advance;
For scarce a single soul the ladies knew,
Whose character had not passed in review.
But Comicus was one who always tried,
A neighbour's faults or weaknesses to hide;
He hated scandal, and would rather aim
To praise a weaker brother, than to blame.
Amidst the vices of our present day,
The monster scandal bears too great a sway;
The social tea-table's too often made
The spot to which ill tidings are convey'd;
And lovely woman too, our nation's pride,
At this tribunal ventures to preside.
But, sure the softer sex can easy find
Amusements, better suited to the mind;
Shall beauty, wit, and mildness, all conspire
To murder fame, around the parlour-fire?
And injur'd individuals have to say—
A female took my character away?—
Ah, no! let females learn, when they disclose
Another's failings, they their own expose;
Good policy demands that they should hide,
The very evils they have magnifi'd;

For jealous man will find a just excuse,
From such vain conversation for abuse,
Reproach a nation with a single fall,
And cast the filthy garment at them all.

The evening slipt away, and, left alone,
The Doctor's lady soon a suit began .—
" My dear," says she, " Heaven has bestow'd
" Around us such a plenitude of good,
" 'Tis right we should improve the welcome boon,
" In forming pleasures for the honey-moon ;
" The summer now invites : then, let us go,
" And near the sea enjoy a week or so."

" True," Comicus replies, " kind Heaven has sent
" Sufficient store to make our lives content ;
" 'Tis well to sieze the moments as they pass,
" In forming schemes for mutual happiness ;
" Let us the evening of our lives employ,
" In harmless pleasure, and in social joy.
" Your wish, whate'er it is, shall still be mine,
" My only pleasure is to yield to thine."

Thus amicably settl'd, lo ! the pair
As quick begun for business to prepare ;
And after many a long and wise debate,
Resolv'd but one day more at home to wait ;
For Comicus determined he would ride
Like other dons, with lady at his side ;
And that he would at Brighton soon be seen,
With lady, arm in arm, upon the Steyne.

Now Mrs. Comicus had long confess'd,
Her spouse was worthy to be better dress'd;
And he so fully bent on being kind,
Resolv'd to adorn his person to her mind,
Reserving to himself the power to please,
With hat and wig, for sake of form and ease;
Indeed he thought his wife had shewn her sense,
In wishing to assume due consequence;
For she had ventur'd frequently to state,
He'd soon be chosen for a magistrate;
And she evinc'd a very strong desire,
He should assume the title of *Esquire*;
In short, she so far on the Doctor gain'd,
That little of *original* remain'd.
The different orders with the morning's sun
Were given, and ere the ensuing evening done:
Tailors, and hosiers, hatters too, were found
At Cleveland Cottage, in continual round;
Till so completely was the Doctor chang'd,
And every thing so tastefully arrang'd,
He scarcely knew himself, but merely said—
"Marriage has many a metamorphose made;"
But spite of dress, and every modern plan,
No artifice or taste could change the man;
Nature, too mighty for a tailor's skill,
Maintain'd her own peculiar triumph still;
But Comicus was passive in the deed,
'Twas not his own, but spouse's pride to feed;
And though he'd yielded up so much to love,
Still in his thoughts he prov'd a mind above;

Though she his slender body had adorn'd
With highest cut that fashion ever form'd,
Yet hat and wig bore some resemblance still,
Though new and costly, to original ;
A monstrous tail still dangl'd down behind—
No other wig could fit the Doctor's mind ;
And though he was with brimmer well supplied,
To please his wife, 'twas loop'd on either side ;
So strange a contrast ne'er before was seen,
Since ultra dandyism in vogue had been ;
It seem'd as if some dandy wag to please,
A head was stole from Court of Common Pleas.
His lady too, so well had play'd her part,
Her person look'd like nature versus art :
New teeth, new eye, new leg, were all supplied,
And a fresh row of nut-brown curls beside,
Which playful hung around her winkless eye,
While back was bolster'd quite three stories high.
The Doctor's bounty Mungo had supplied
With livery new, adorn'd with lace beside ;
For he resolv'd that he should with them go,
And serve to let the world their riches know.
But still on one thing more they'd to decide,
In what 'twas best to Brighton they should ride ;
At last they fix'd, as there was ample store,
The entry should be made in coach and four.
The lady thought an open carriage best,
Lest they should be with too much heat opprest,
Besides our hero wish'd to take a view
Of every village, as they travelled through,

And make such observations by the way,
As would yield pleasure on a future day;
For though her husband yielded to the treat,
Yet more he lov'd the widow's snug retreat,
And even felt an inward pleasure burn,
At future happiness on his return.
A stranger he to etiquette and pride,
Much greater joy a quiet life supplied;
His native village still, in spite of gold,
By day and night fresh o'er his fancy roll'd;
Nor was he without hope, some distant day
Again to travel where the treasure lay;
To see once more the well-known village spire,
The residence of Graduate and sire;
The humble roof, beneath which long he lay,
Till poverty, not choice, had made him stray.
All these fresh o'er his mind in rapture ran,
Amidst the splendours of his present plan;
But all things now were fix'd, and just at four,
The chaise, next morning, order'd to the door.
How true the poet's language is found still,
There is a "niche" for every man to fill.
'Tis no mean task when man in later years,
A candidate for a new state appears;
That mould in which the mind at first is cast,
Gives a peculiar fashion to the last;
The man bred up to splendour and parade,
Maintains his dignity, though splendours fade,
Though forc'd to mingle with a lower race,
He shines superior in his humble place.

And like a precious stone, he still is found,
Glittering, although mean pebbles do surround,
And so when poverty's with gold supplied,
No splendid pomp the native form can hide.
In vain the low-bred character presumes,
To cheat the world with something he assumes,
The borrowed feathers dropping from their place,
Only expose to laughter and disgrace;
Wealth always brings respect, but then the man
Must still pursue his long accustomed plan
No matter what the general habits be,
If virtue guide, and all is honesty,
Sincerity and nature always claim
What artifice and folly never gain.

Canto the Tenth.

" Oh, what is life—that thoughtless wish of all,
A drop of honey in a draught of gold."
" Il n'est point de roses sans e'pines ni de plaisar sans peine."

'Tis difficult to poise in married life,
The beam of power between the man and wife,
Each strives to bear the palm, and then the beam
Is seldom on an equal balance seen;
Too oft the husbands of our modern school,
Usurp the tyrant's power, or play the fool;
Oft we perceive the wise and prudent wife
Compell'd in slavery to pass her life,
Doom'd every moment, though she strive to please,
To be the fated victim of caprice,
Claiming no will, and yet her every deed
By tyrant man is tyranny decreed;
Or else we see the weak and foolish man,
A victim to a weaker woman's plan,
A mere appendage to a woman's heels,
Who neither for his fame or interest feels—

Who sees his cash—his reputation fly,
Pleas'd only if she feed her vanity.
Yet 'twixt these two extremes there lies a road
To mutual happiness, if right pursu'd,
A road which Heaven in kindness has decreed,
To matrimonial happiness should lead.
Each has important offices to fill,
Yet each may act in pleasing concert still,
There mutual operations can be found
Like well-tun'd chords to give harmonious sound;
Then what's the mighty secret—sure it ought
By every married couple to be sought.
'Tis *plan*, and every specious art beside,
Mankind in every age have vainly tried;
United interest can be only known,
Where each appears regardless of their own;
From such a habitation discord flies,
Where each to please the other only tries;
The kindest and the happiest pair
Oft find occasion to forbear,
And something every day they live,
To pity and perhaps forgive.
Now Comicus had oft in deep debate,
Most wisely reasoned on a marriage state;
He had peculiar notions, but 'twas soon
To think of plans before the honey moon;
It was a treat, and he conceived it right,
To indulge his wife for once in, wrong or right,
And though he much despised his modern dress,
Resolv'd he'd not his sentiments express;

His wife so kindly had applied her art,
To dandyfy the Doctor's every part,
He look'd more like the father of the race,
Than one who had so lately ta'en his place.
High from his lady's hat in triumph grew,
Two monstrous feathers of a model new;
Which gently nodding to the whispering wind,
Brought ancient days of chivalry to mind;
In short, as far as man could lend his aid,
A dandy and a dandyess they made.
Each post-boy in his cap a favor shew'd,
And greeted Comicus in smiling mood.
Mungo behind the open carriage stood,
And lightly now they roll'd along the road.
The Doctor's form had drawn forth many a smile,
Before the vehicle had ran a mile;
On every thing he gaz'd, for all was new,
And often rich encomiums from him drew;
While Mrs. Comicus each wonder named,
And every seeming miracle explained.
The Doctor fancied that his precious spouse
Would almost know the owner of each house,
And that in every vehicle around,
She had a friend or an acquaintance found,
And felt surprised that as they went along,
She neither spoke or nodded to the throng;
Alas! in town, but few their neighbours know,
For poverty's oft lost in outward shew:
High mounted in a tilbury you see,
As man of rank at least appears to be;

But follow, when the chaise has set him down,
Perhaps he's not a garret of his own.
The *Exquisite* who charms the gazing crowd,
Is found next day upon a tailor's board;
And Sunday bucks save from their weekly pay,
Enough to live like gentlemen one day;
Full many a modern satellite is found,
Emerging from a cellar under ground,
To gratify one day a foolish pride,
He freely starves the other six beside;
And many a flaming buck in long surtout,
But hides his mean habiliments from view;
Indeed in town they're now grown so expert,
A collar can apologize for shirt;
Seals without watches, purses without cash,
Apparent diamonds, which are only trash;
Spurs that proclaim how much their owners ride,
When perhaps across a horse they ne'er got astride;
These and a thousand cheats both old and new,
Are practis'd, just to gain the public view;
Strange as it is, yet every mortal tries
To seem what he is not in other's eyes;
And yet the casual gaze which he excites,
The accidental notice he invites,
Can yield him nothing—for it is his lot,
To be but quickly glanc'd at and forgot.
And Comicus determined that his tour
Should yield him pleasure at a future hour;
And that upon the road he'd stop a day,
To enjoy a little pleasure by the way.

Besides he wisely thought his tender bride
Could not so many miles in pleasure ride;
Since pleasure was their object, he decreed,
Enjoyment should to travelling succeed,
And that upon the road he'd stop a night,
And enter Brighton with the morning's light.
The post-boys jaded with the sultry sun,
Six miles from London halted, and got down,
Unreign'd their horses, and resolv'd to wet
On such an extraordinary feat:
For never had they, on occasion rare,
Since they'd been post-boys, driven such a pair.
The Doctor vowed that they with good strong beer
Should well refresh their tired spirits here;
And lighting from the carriage, bid the host
Take every care of those who travell'd post;
The post-boys touch'd their caps, and soon began
To shew how much they lik'd the Doctor's plan.
Until so many tankards they had drain'd,
But little skill for coachmanship remain'd;
But they resolv'd they'd have a merry ride,
Let good or ill the passengers betide.
Now Mungo, at his lady's kind request,
Mounted the box, his tir'd legs to rest;
But he'd so deeply dip'd in post-boys' beer,
Full many a time he slipt ere he came there.
Our Galen's lady too, had chang'd her place,
And thought, for change, she'd travel face to face;
While each postillion mounted on his seat,
With well-plied spurs resolv'd upon the feat.

As lightning flew the rapid wheels around,
High bounding often from the solid ground;
And Comicus reclining at his rest,
His lady oft in flowery speech address'd;
For in the beauteous scenery around,
He had a thousand various topics found.

Now rolling on to town from country-house,
Travell'd a wealthy tripeman and his spouse,
Of such dimensions that the horse, though strong,
Could only move with gentle trot along.
The Doctor's twirling wheels from off the ground,
Threw such a copious cloud of dust around.
The honest tripeman, taken by surprise,
To 'scape the evil, shut up both his eyes,
But soon was made, alas! much grief to feel,
By closing with the carriage, wheel to wheel!
The shock was mutual—and 'twas hard to say,
Which of the combatants had gain'd the day.

The tripeman's horse from his incumbrance freed,
With shafts and harness, travelled at full speed;
While from poor Galen's carriage both fore-wheels
Were dangling at the frighten'd horses' heels.
The tripeman and his wife were made to roll
Into the Doctor's carriage, cheek by jole;
While Mungo falling backward from his seat,
Was destin'd with the rest *en masse* to meet.
The ponderous cit soon made the Doctor feel,
What virtue lay in trotters and cow-heel;

While Mrs. Comicus was forced to bear
His lady's load, who followed in the rear.
The attempt is vain—no poet can essay,
To tell what the mass look'd like as it lay;
For 'tis not often on the public road,
The traveller has encounter'd such a load.
Upon their backs the ponderous pair were seen,
While Mungo, like a log, lay wedg'd between
TheDoctor's tender spouse in anguish cried,
While he was tightly wedg'd on t'other side.
To 'scape from jeopardy 'twas vain to try,
'Twas like an elephant upon a fly.
The alarm soon ceas'd, and Mungo quickly found,
With many a squeeze, a passage to the ground;
And pulling mainly at the tripeman's coat,
Soon from the mass this second Falstaff brought;
Poor Galen rose, and tried with many a heave,
His partner from her pressure to relieve,
Nor did he cease till, so much strength he'd plied,
He'd Mrs. Trotter roll'd o'er carriage-side.
The parties now safe landed on the ground,
Began to view their vehicles around;
And soon discover'd that they both should need
A new supply before they could proceed.
Says Comicus—" Whate'er the world may say
" About this meeting at another day,
" They must in one thing perfectly agree,
" That all the weight fell on my wife and me."
The post-boys beg'd that they might now proceed
To the next village, with a prudent speed,

That he might find a carriage at the Crown,
While they'd convey the broken one to town.
The Doctor and his wife their way pursu'd,
And left the tripeman grumbling on the road.
'Midst broiling sun, with many an up and down,
The Doctor brought his lady to the Crown.
Another chaise the parties now engag'd,
Though some calamity his mind presag'd,
As Mrs. Comicus, 'midst fright and squeeze,
Felt a spasmodic fit her bosom seize;
A welcome glass of brandy was applied,
To fit her for the journey she'd to ride;
But long before the Doctor reach'd the place,
He found his spouse's malady increase;
And lighting at the inn, they convey'd
The fainting woman carefully to bed.
Alas! how often 'midst the highest joy,
Some evil's riding post, the bliss to cloy:
Though in the morning all is clear and gay,
Before the evening darkness clouds the way;
Thus soon her helpmate found, tho' sore distress
Four hours sleep his bride had quite refresh'd;
And hop'd that when the ensuing morning came,
He should upon the road be found again.
But, ah! his hopes were vain—for in an hour
The spasm came with a redoubled power,
And though the Doctor every medecine tried,
At eight o'clock his faithful partner died;
He felt her pulse—then shook his aching head,
'Twas but too true—she's number'd with the dead;

And once more Fortune seem'd in angry mood,
To have in vengeance Comieus pursued.
But 'midst the Doctor's grief, and much he knew,
Still hope flash'd comfort o'er the threat'ning view.
" Ah," he exclaims, " How short the days were found
" With which our mutual happiness was crown'd,
" Yet 'twill yield pleasure on a future day,
" That they in genuine love were pass'd away.
" A trying hour, when Providence arrests
" A tender wife, the partner of our breast;
" But 'midst the pangs that separation gives,
" Past yields a present pleasure to our lives;
" If busy meddling memory cannot find
" Reproaches drawn from words or acts unkind;
" If man can with the tributary tear,
" Without conviction, gaze upon the bier,
" And while he yields a partner to the dust,
" Feels that his path was undefil'd and just."
The Doctor hasted with the dawn of day,
Back to the town, his lady to convey;
While Mungo's heart high-swelling now with grief,
Refus'd from Comicus the least relief.
The usual preparation soon was made,
And in a week his wife in church-yard laid;
A stone he rais'd, to shew where she repos'd,
With a memento he himself compos'd:

" Here lies what, in their turns, four husbands claim'd,
" At least as much as for the fourth remain'd:
" For Death before had made a bite or two,
" She gave a leg, and then he let her go;

" He came again, but still she was so sly,
" He let her off by yielding up an eye;
" But from the husband who erects this stone,
" He took her altogether, skin and bone."

Now Comicus was once more left alone,
A widower, over the wide world to roam.
Six tedious weeks roll'd heavily away,
In silent sorrow both by night and day.
The cottage which so late he had admir'd,
And to which once his highest hopes aspir'd,
Had every day since his kind wife had flown,
More solitary and more irksome grown;
Indeed the Doctor found that if he staid
Where only sorrow would his mind pervade,
His heart would sink, and all his courage fly;
And he resolv'd some other place to try.
London he scorn'd, that seat of din and noise,
He knew 'twas vain to seek for purer joys,
For trade and commerce he could plainly see,
'Twas destin'd the emporium to be;
But since with ample riches he was blest,
And poverty no longer on him prest,
He sigh'd some rural residence to find,
Where he might leave the " Babel" far behind;
He'd tasted too the charms of social life,
Though short, they were in favor of a wife;
Besides the Doctor knew that glittering gold
Could well apologize for being old;
That if he could succeed when mean and poor,
His chance was doubled now he'd ample store.

'Midst all these thoughts, his native village roll'd
Fresh o'er his mind, in spite of plan or gold
To view again the places on the road,
Where once, in quest of fortune, he had trod;
Or what gave still more bliss, with Trim, his friend
Beneath the beach-tree one more evening spend;
And glad acknowledg'd all the village round
A gentleman worth fifty thousand pound!
These were delights which fill'd his heaving breast
With hopes that could not fail to make him blest:
Higher and higher still the pleasure grew,
'Till every other object quickly flew.
How vascillating is the human mind,
What various schemes for pleasure man can find:
The past, however vain, is soon forgot
Idle pursuit is still the human lot;
Well has the poet his sad state exprest—
"Man never is but always to be blest."
Now while the Doctor reason'd o'er his plan,
'Twas plain his troubles had not chang'd the man
For pleasure roll'd across his mind so fast,
In perfect bliss he quite forgot the past,
And saw as much before him still to do,
As when he first from native village flew.
How oft were seen the curly-headed boy,
Who ventur'd up to London for employ,
Visit his native village once again,
To shew both his improvement and his gain;
The ancient rustics who the youngster knew,
When he went whistling carelessly to plough,

Astonish'd, view his splendid horse and chaise,
Or, thankful, drink the beer for which he pays;
His comrades scratch their heads, and think it strange
What has in Tom produc'd the mighty change;
The village schoolmaster, with hearty shake,
Is welcome of the friendly cheer to take;
While rosy children are in clusters found,
Collecting up the pence he throws around;
And Ball and Harper, at the stable-door,
Receive the kindly pat, though old and poor;
Cheerful he guides the long-deserted plough,
And boasts how well he can perform it now,
Or twirls the flail, or reaps the rustling corn,
Or once more mows a swarth of barley down;
At evening meeting on the well-known green
Surrounded by the villagers he's seen;
Now throws the quoit, now tries with wondrous tale
His old companions once more to regale;
Advises Hodge and Jack, and Bill and Joe
To try their fortunes in the city too.
They stare—but still the mystery's too great,
They only gaze on Tom with hearts elate;
All eager try to imitate his ways,
Do as he does, and say just what he says.
Ah! blest retirement from the noisy town,
Still they've superior pleasures, let me own;
Wealth may have charms, but it has none for me,
The joys of rural life my heart delights to see.
Now Comicus his plans so quick matur'd,
His house was sold, his property secur'd;

And ere a month had pass'd, it was agreed,
With Mungo he'd upon his rout proceed,
For he resolv'd the faithful black should go,
And share with him in future pleasures too.

'Twas long before 'Squire Comicus could find
A horse of figure suited to his mind;
For such a firm attachment still he bore
To the ill-fated horse he had before,
That he resolv'd he would at Smithfield try
To gain what Tattersal could not supply;
And started off, with pockets well supplied,
Taking poor Mungo with him for a guide.
Now every man who has at Smithfield been
On Friday, and the rare assemblage seen,
Must own that any man may suit, with ease,
His whim, however difficult to please.
On many a horse our hero cast his eye,
Before he could the favorite object spy;

For neither beauty, flesh, or movement fast,
Could suit the Doctor's own fastidious taste:
One thing was requisite, that it should be
A horse of mettle and high pedigree;
And slender make, the Doctor long had thought,
Would recommend the subject that he sought:
He knew from bone a man could better see
A horse's beauty, and his pedigree;
And that when 'twas with ample flesh supplied,
It would the points essential wholly hide;

That it's no task with wholesome corn and hay,
To make the flesh a little thicker lay;
And then he'd know exactly what he cover'd,
Nor fear what might be afterwards discover'd
But soon light tripping o'er the rattling stones,
A jockey rode a prodigy of bones!
Who had, like many others of his race,
Known both the highest and the lowest place:
In early life upon Newmarket ground,
And Doncaster, and Epsom, he'd been found;
By lords and dukes he'd often been caress'd,
And 'mongst the "bits of blood" was found the best;
Reliev'd from this, and fix'd in station new,
O'er hedge and gate, and river too, he flew,
Where artful Reynard trac'd the devious way,
Escap'd from scent, or nobly ran away;
More serious grown, a clergyman he bore
Steady to church, for seven long years or more;
An Esculapian too, the horse had carried,
And long 'midst pelting storms for him had tarried;
But still his various changes well he bore,
Though physic and much study made him poor;
Courageous still, although he'd been ill-fated,
At Smithfield for a master now he waited.
The Doctor, as he ey'd the hunter round,
Fancied almost his history he'd found:
His fine brown eye, still fill'd with native fire,
Tho' silent, told the merits of his sire.
Says Comicus, "perhaps we may agree,
"If I approve the horse's pedigree;

" 'Tis proper every buyer should enquire,
" The merits of a horse's dam and sire.'
" Sir," cries the jockey, " if exalted breed
" Can give the satisfaction that you need;
" No English gentleman can ever boast
" A horse so pure—the breed was never cros't:
" His sire was Quicksilver, who often ran
" At Newmarket, and Lightning was his dam:
" His grandsire was Velocity—he came
" From Electricity, of famous name;
" Indeed, sir, I could trace the breed so high,
" His predecessors would prove next the sky."
Says Comicus, " I've had sufficient proof,
" The horse's pedigree is good enough;
" Can you upon your honor, sir, engage
" To tell me any thing about his age?
" And is he quiet both to drive and ride?"
" You shall have trial, sir," the jockey cried;
" His age don't hurt him," and, indeed, 'twas true,
For age had done for him all age could do
The Doctor soon was mounted on his back,
'Midst many a hearty laugh and many a smack,
The well-plied whip soon gave a spirit new,
And through the fair the hunter quickly flew;
In vain our hero pull'd his fiery steed,
Each whip he pass'd seem'd to increase his speed;
And hat and wig now mounted quick on high,
While Smithfield rais'd a shout that pierc'd the sky
The steed soon stopt, but turning round again,
Pursu'd his journey with all might and main,

And full three times he travell'd Smithfield round,
Before the Doctor safely reach'd the ground.
Well pleas'd was he with such a proof of spirit,
Nor longer doubted that the horse had merit;
And quickly made the animal his own,
By paying thirteen guineas and a crown.
Full glad, he led his bony steed away,
While to the Acre Mungo shew'd the way:
For there he had no doubt but he should find
A carriage suited to his horse and mind.
O'er human fancy there's a fate presides,
And every man his own opinion prides;
There's little good or ill while here below,
But our peculiar fancy makes it so;
'Twere vain to reason, for when mortals shew
A foolish choice, they'll ne'er believe it so,
Cameleon like, surrounding objects shews
A different shade to every man who views;
And spite of reason, it must be confest,
Whate'er we fancy is to us the best.
'Twas so with Comicus—he wish'd to ride
Back to his village with becoming pride;
And though he'd not of splendid taste giv'n proof
He'd pleas'd himself, and that was taste enough.
While Mungo held the hunter at the door,
His master had survey'd each builder's store,
And travell'd nearly all the Acre round,
Before he had a proper carriage found.
At length a chaise was found, and all agreed,
Soon it was plac'd behind the bony steed:

It might, indeed, a better horse have claim'd,
For 'twas in modern beauty justly fram'd;
The harness was of brass, and serv'd to shew,
What even harness for a steed could do:
Truly, a finer figure ne'er was seen,
Than what the Doctor's racer once had been;
And still, though lame and old, he seem'd to feel,
Proud of the chaise that dangled at his heel;
So true it is, in animals we find
Some near approaches to the human mind;
'Tis plain—both bliss and sorrow they can know,
And often ample proofs of memory shew;
Reflection too they oftentimes display,
To good they fly, from dangers turn away.
From thoughts, like these, does the enquiry rise,
Where man's superior claims to reason lies?
But what tho' beasts' instinctive powers prove,
To man they all in swift obedience move;
Man, as an animal, at his command,
Baffles the lion, and makes tigers stand;
Suppose its instinct all that all obey,
Superior instinct marks the human way;
And man, from instinct only would be found,
Subjecting all the numerous tribes around;
In barbarous climes, where education's light
Ne'er shot a ray across the live-long night;
Where superstition, with despotic hand,
Governs the numerous and ill-fated land.
In these drear climes untutor'd man can find
Superior powers the brutal tribes to bind

While reason glimmering through the deepest shade
In every nation has its idol made:
Thus proving that the most benighted mind
Something beyond the present state can find;
Here lies the grand distinction—brutes are found
Seeking their every pleasure from the ground,
Well satisfied, if bounteous nature gives,
In herbs or plants, provision for their lives;
But man, if planted in an Elysian field,
Blest with each gift luxuriant Heaven can yield,
Still hears a voice that bids him silent go,
And learn a loftier joy than earth can shew;
And purblind reason there has triumphs shewn,
Carv'd on the trees, or sculptur'd in the stone;
And when through earth she has in vain explor'd,
Rising, she still proclaims "an unknown Lord;"
But mark, where science leads the starry way,
And measures e'en the glorious orb of day,
Tracts through the mighty heavens, the rolling sphere
And brings the distant fiery planet near;
Sees worlds on worlds, and distant systems roll
And still not satiates the boundless soul.
Yet these celestial joys can reason know,
While brutes, unconscious, silent graze below.
The Doctor, as he towards the cottage rode,
A thousand praises on his horse bestowed;
Indeed, though old, with cheerful pace he trod,
While head and tail his native spirit shew'd.
A hundred schemes our hero had in view,
Of which the unconscious Mungo nothing knew

Who silent sat, and on the trappings gaz'd,
Alike at horse and vehicle amaz'd.
Now Comicus, amidst his griefs, ne'er tried
To shew them to the world by dark outside,
For he was one who never thought it right
To let his troubles meet the public sight;
He thought a man could mourn as well in blue,
As when he was array'd in sombre hue;
Besides, he thought, should an auspicious day
E'er throw another lady in his way,
Again he would in hymen's chains be bound,
Since in the state he had such pleasure found,
And crown the pleasures of a rural life
With what it most requires—a virtuous wife.
Early the Doctor rose, and now was found
With Mungo, gently trotting o'er the ground;
But ere he parted from the cottage-door,
Fond memory thought of her who was no more;
Swift o'er his mind it flew, and pass'd away,
Like a short sun-beam in a winter's day;
So great did future happiness appear,
It stopt the heaving sigh and trembling tear.
Poor Mungo's heart high charged with silent grief,
Sought from the kindred tear a sure relief;
But Comicus, in many a speech profound,
Soon all the honest Afric's sorrows drown'd;
Says he, " the highest pleasures now controul
" The sharpest sorrows that attack my soul;
" In future joy alike shall Mungo share,
" And feel that bliss for which I now prepare;

" Propitious fortune still may smile around,
" And every expectation shall be crown'd."

Now Comicus resolv'd, ere he set out,
To reach the village by another rout ;
And thirty miles that day the hunter trod,
Although they'd often stopt upon the road.
In neighbouring inn the tired steed was plac'd,
And Comicus, with pipe, the parlour grac'd.
Sweet summer's eve ! when the great orb of day,
Fast towards the west, the clouds in tints display
Chang'd from his vivid flame to paler red,
Tinging with golden shades his fleecy bed,
Till sunk below the splendid line, he fell,
And left the silvery moon her tale to tell.
The Doctor was with best of wines supplied,
Resolv'd to enjoy the grove at even-tide.
Upon a distant hill a house was seen,
And many a beauteous shrubbery lay between ;
And here, in pensive thought, our hero silent stole,
To enjoy the feast of thought, and " flow of soul."
Amidst the silence meditation spread,
The mingled sentiments of joy and dread,
The Doctor felt its all o'er-powering sway,
As through the shrubs he track'd the devious way

" But 'midst his silent musings, soon he found
His ears attracted by a human sound,"
Which softly floating on the gentle gale,
In voice melodious, told a love-sick tale :—

His heart was far too generous to find
Delights from pleasures of the selfish kind.
He lov'd to make each pleasure that he knew,
A pleasure to his fellow creatures too;
And would much rather sacrifice his own,
Than have the greatest happiness alone;
He scorn'd the selfish, the illiberal mind,
Which only for itself a good could find;
Or would much sooner with its comforts cloy,
Than let a brother or a friend enjoy;
Yet such there are, who with a high heap'd store,
Look with a heart of stone upon the poor;
Who want no friend, lest e'en that friend should share
In what they would with much reluctance spare:
They have their just reward, and little know,
What manly joys for interest they forego;
The place of friends some selfish souls supply.
They live detested, and detested die.
With eagle sight, the Doctor, as he rode,
View'd every single cottage on the road.
'Twas early hours—and now the peaceful swain
Arouse from balmy sleep to toil again;
The merry harvestmen with horn of ale,
Amidst their sunny labours now regale;
While towering with the prong, in triumph rides,
The heavy sheaves, to line the waggon's sides
The Doctor gaz'd, with admiration, round,
For nought but plenty deck'd the teeming ground:
For oft had he, 'midst harvest's jovial band
In native village, lent the friendly hand:

And shar'd alike the labours of the fields,
And the delights which harvest-supper yields.
Again across his mind old pleasures roll'd,
As he to Mungo many a story told.
But while such close discourse beguil'd the way,
A well-thatch'd cottage now before him lay,
And while he gaz'd, the casement open flew,
And a stout comely damsel met his view ;
With sideling looks and amorous glance, she spied
The Doctor, and the Afric at his side.
He stopt—for he before resolv'd to pay
Due homage to each lady in his way.
Upon her sun-burnt cheeks the glow of health
Sat, rivals to pale votaries of wealth ;
In simple russet gown she was array'd,
While o'er her shoulders nut-brown ringlets play'd ;
Her brawny arms, uncover'd to the sun,
Shew'd she had many a work of labour done.
Surpriz'd she stood : that at a house so poor,
So fine a chaise should stop before the door.
The previous night a famous gipsey told,
She should have soon a plenitude of gold ;
That some rich 'squire was destin'd for her spouse,
And that he'd be next morning at the house.
Eager she gaz'd, nor could she longer doubt,
But that the wish'd-for squire had found her out.
A thousand times she blam'd her foolish plan,
That had not ask'd description of the man ;
Though in a case like this, we must allow,
'Twas likely but few gypsies would know how

The Doctor rising upright in the chaise,
Began upon the blushing maid to gaze;
The more he look'd, the plainer he espied
She was the damsel he would make his bride.
While Mungo stood aghast, nor could he guess
What 'twas his master wanted to express.
Says Comicus, " Fair lady, it is very plain,
Your charms were made to captivate each swain.
Long have I look'd around, in hope to find
A maid like thee, at once so fair and kind;
Mysolf, my gold, my equipage beside,
Shall all be yours, if you'll become my bride.
" *Lard, saré,*" the nymph replied, " you'd ne'er be seen
" Such a great gentleman, with me, so mean."
Says Comicus, " No long-drawn pomp can please
" A mind like mine, who studies only ease;
" No outward splendour do I wish to find,
" Can I but gain a damsel who is kind;
" My joy is from the humble walks of life
" To seek a comely and a loving wife;
" This is the charm my heart desires to know,
" If virtue is not rich, to make it so."
The blushing woman every sentence heard,
Although she could not understand a word;
She thought perhaps the gypsy's tale was right,
Although her lover was so great a fright;
Indeed, she thought that one so quaint and old,
Was dear, although she gain'd a store of gold;
So eagerly the Doctor press'd his suit,
The fair one, spite of age or form, was mute;

And 'twas not long before it was agreed,
The Doctor to the village should proceed,
While the fair damsel did her father find,
And with him gladly follow on behind.
'Twas just a mile, and soon the hunter ran,
Regardless of his master's every plan.

" We can't conclude, when pride pervades the mind,
On which side often we most weakness find:
For *pride,* the young will throw themselves away,
For *pride,* the old will fond attention pay;
" For love and lust essentially divide,
" Like day and night, humility and pride;"
Reason no generous passion does oppose,
'Tis lust (not love,) and reason that proves foes;
In youth alone you're qualified to claim,
The soft endearments of a virtuous flame,
For chill decripitude is ne'er design'd
To mimick youth's all active, vigorous mind.
Love is the monarch passion of the soul,
Knows no superior, and no laws controul;
And where she enters, she will rule alone,
And suffer no co-partner on her throne.

" Thus Comicus indulg'd in pleasing thought,
Nor doubted but he'd found what long was sought;
For he was one who never could foresee
An obstacle to what he wish'd should be;
So quickly o'er his mind did hopes appear,
He was already married in idea.

The damsel, so elated with her fate,
Had told the story both to small and great;
And half the village lasses soon began
To throng the house that held the amorous man,
And wisely reason'd, if he would so soon
Offer a stranger such a wealthy boon,
Perhaps he might as quickly change his mind,
And be to others equally as kind.
'Tis harder oft to fix than gain a heart,
What's won by beauty must be kept by art.
But while amidst the young the story roll'd,
It had alike electrified the old;
And ancient spinsters, who had equal need
Of husbands, thought perhaps they might succeed.
Amidst the nymphs the foremost of the train,
Was one who doubted not the prize to gain,
A comely dame, who vow'd she'd not be foil'd;
And one who long had o'er the wash-tub toil'd.
Nature had bless'd her with such ample prowess,
Her causes she could carry *viat armis;*
Her cheeks were like two full-grown pumpkins seen,
There was a nose—but it was lost between;
But still her ample face made little show,
Contrasted with the plenitude below;
In short, however greedy man might be,
He ne'er could wish to have more wife than she.
Now Comicus had ordered that the host,
Should, with great diligence, attend his post,
And that if any lady call'd for him,
She should immediately be usher'd in.

Now Mistress Pearlash (for that was her name),
Soon well adorn'd, up to the alehouse came;
And begg'd the landlord to his guest would go,
And say she wish'd to speak a word or so.
The landlord smil'd—but still felt half afraid,
His guest was looking for some other maid,
And thought it best just to inform his guest,
What lady 'twas, her suit so strongly press'd;
And entering iu the parlour, thus he cried,
" There is a lady waiting, sir, outside."
Says Comicus—" 'Tis strange you have forgot
" The order which you might have learnt by rote:
" For twenty times I said the lady should
" Be instantly into the parlour shew'd."
" Yes," cries the landlord, " but I was afraid
" I should have some egregious blunder made:
" Her name's *Sal Purlash,* sir,—is that the right?
" If 'tis, your worship soon shall have a sight."
" Her name I know not," loud the Doctor cries;
" But her blest form is still before my eyes;
" More beauteous she than Helena of old—"
" Yes," says the landlord, " and a greater scold."
" Go, introduce me to the charming maid,"
The landlord whisper'd—" sure the fellow's mad."
Now Comicus, with wide-extended arms,
Waited to grasp the fancied rustic's charms;
And rushing forward as the door unclos'd,
Safe in his arms the washerwoman clos'd;
But though the Doctor's arms might have included
A pipe of wine, had such a thing intruded,

With Mistress Pearlash it was truely found,
Long as they were, they would not reach half round;
While 'twixt her well-fill'd cheeks the Doctor's nose
Amidst this greeting found a snug repose;
And both his eyes were press'd 'gainst cheeks so tight
Amidst first transports, he quite lost his sight.
The embrace was fatal, for the Doctor found
His heart enchanted upon fairy ground;
And now lamented that his eager mind,
Had left maturer thoughts so far behind.
" Madam," says Comicus, " sure Fortune sent,
" A form like yours, to yield my soul content;
" Another damsel had engross'd my mind,
" But you shall not in her a rival find;
" My heart is fix'd, and nothing now can move,
" A form so lovely, to inspire with love.
" This day I'll crown each pleasure of my life,
" If you will but consent to be my wife."
The astonish'd nymph surpris'd at her success,
Car'd not how soon she did the Doctor bless,
And change the ignoble tubs of other days,
For a kind husband, and an easy chaise.
She blush'd consent, and said she hop'd he'd find
In her a partner suited to his mind.
The Doctor's blooming lady look'd quite gay,
Though five and fifty years had pass'd away:
For thirty years a widow she had been,
But grief had not the power to make her lean;
For rosy tint still on her pumpkins shone,
And flesh had long a conquest gain'd o'er bone;

And nature seem'd in such a pair to shew,
What different portions she will oft bestow.
Ne'er did Comicus appear so lean
As when he was with Mistress Pearlash seen;
And when into his arms his fair he took,
'Twas like an ivy 'twining round an oak.
Now Comicus determined not to wait,
Till time might some impediment create;
For still, amidst his every other joy,
His native village did his thoughts employ;
For he was one who never let a day
In merely planning, idly pass away;
" His path once chose, he forward thrust outright,
" Nor turn'd aside for danger or delight."
'Twas quickly settled, that without delay,
The next should be the joyful wedding-day.
But while the Doctor such high bliss enjoyed,
The ladies were far differently employed·
The rustic lass whom first the Doctor spied,
Had reach'd the inn, array'd in all her pride;
The fatal news soon reach'd her anxious ear,
And down her sun-burnt cheek had sent the tear.
'Twas plain her hopes were lost, but still she said,
The false deceiver ought to be repaid;
Her disappointment, felt by all the rest,
Was soon in general murmurs loud express'd.
Women are govern'd by a stubborn fate,
Their love's inseperable as is their hate;
No merits their aversion can remove,
Nor ill requitals can efface their love.

Now, though 'tis plain that Plautus was unsound,
Who said ' a virtuous woman ne'er was found ;'
That Pope, too, laboured under a mistake,
Who said, ' each woman was at heart a rake ;''
And equally untrue what Codrus says,
' That stars in heaven, or fish that swim the seas,
' Are far less numerous than the spiteful tricks,
' On which revengeful women often fix ;'
What, though Hippocrates has tried to prove,
' That malice is as natural as love !'
Or that Saint Chrysostem has dar'd to say,
' The wildest beast's a woman in the way ;'
We'll leave the apothegms of learned men—
They're not so now, although they might be then :
Yet still it must be own'd, that when they try,
They can indulge revenge upon the sly ;
And though they cannot always change the man,
They'll make him wish he had improved his plan.
So 'twas agreed, that when the loving pair
Should the next morning up to church repair,
They should be serenaded fore and hind,
With every empty kettle they could find ;
But while they form'd their schemes for the next day,
The Doctor's hours in pleasure stole away,
For every where a man can find a friend,
Who has a song to sing, and gold to spend ;
While Mistress Pearlash seated at his side,
Pour'd out his wine, and fill'd his pipe beside ;
And as the amorous Doctor merry grew,
Many a comic ditty did ensue ;

But as the Doctor's themes were always old,
Perhaps 'tis right they should sometimes be told.

A Miller once snoring in bed,
(Though millers are known to sleep wist,)
Was awoke by a noise at his head—
'Twas a rustic who wanted his grist.
"Could I trust you," the miller repli'd,
"I would certainly lend you the key;
But, I fear, when your own you've espi'd,
You will then not quite satisfied be."

Says Hodge, "I my honor will back;
Though the whole you should put in my power,
That I'll not even look in a sack,
Or pilfer a handful of flour."
The rain fell in torrents around,
And the miller felt no wish to move;
Though he knew if a rogue Hodge was found,
It would be far from easy to prove.

After many a caution, at last,
(Though yet he foreboded some ill)
The key from the window he cast,
And bid him take care of the mill.
Soon Hodge, with much honesty fraugh
The mill enter'd, with lantern in hand;
And though he soon found what he sought,
His honesty came to a stand.

Such a number of grists stood around,
And, half open, seem'd so to invite,
Says Hodge, "I shall no thief be found,
If I only from each take a mite."
Though fear all the time did pervade,
Yet so many bags met his eyes,
He ceas'd not until he had made
His own nearly double the size.

No slumber that night could Hodge know,
For he dreamt about nothing but ill;
And he vow'd the next morning he'd go.
With the stolen goods back to the mill.
Says Hodge, "Ere I enter'd the door,
I never dishonesty knew,
But the moment I touch'd the mill-floor,
Away all my honesty flew."

"Softly! softly!" the miller exclaim'd,
"Why, Hodge, you've committed no crime;
A thousand times I have been blam'd,
Though my heart is as honest as thine.
Though millers are call'd rogues around,
And rogues will be ever call'd still,
In the man no dishonesty's found,
The evil all lies in the mill."

'Midst many a song, the evening pass'd away,
Teeming with plans for the ensuing day;
And with the morning sun the Doctor hied,
To meet again his fat and blooming bride.
But as the long'd-for, happy hour drew near,
When at the church the pair were to appear;
The news had spread so suddenly around,
A multitude was at the village found;
Whole waggon loads well shaded o'er with green,
With smiling countenances, here were seen;
Nor scarce a donkey all the country round,
But had a male or female rider found.
The country gentleman, the country clown,
And groups of ladies from a neighbouring town,
All heard the strange report, and early came,
To see this famous lover and his dame;

And Comicus felt not a little proud,
As he beheld the gay and smiling crowd;
And yet he thought it strange, at every place
They seem'd so anxious to behold his face;
But he resolv'd, as numbers were so great,
His lass and he would ride to church in state,
And that his chaise should 'mongst the rest appear,
Since chance had brought so many chaises there.
The church was just a mile, and all the road
With different kinds of vehicles was strew'd;
In eager expectation, many an eye
Waited, to see the loving pair pass by.
The Doctor's lady, 'spite of sudden pride,
Was ill prepar'd for such a public ride:
Indeed, the profits 'rising from her trade,
Scarce for her stomach's wants provision made;
'Twas vain to borrow, for her comely form,
Another lady's dress—'twould take by storm;
And bounteous nature made her back so wide,
To travel round was like a morning's ride.
Her bonnet, like a tallow-chandler's trough,
Was amply stor'd with greasy kitchen-stuff,
Yet tastefully with ribbons 'twas adorn'd,
As if its native poverty it scorn'd;
Her gown was one which though long out of print,
Carried a thousand different subjects in't:
For there was Robin Hood, and Little John,
With half the victories they had won;
Upon it whole farm-yards were to be seen;
While here and there a forest lay between.

In short, it would have taken a good hour
To view the different scenery spread o'er.
Emblem of rural choice, in days of yore,
A relic which reveal'd what grandams wore,
Ere yet the malapert in humble station,
Had learnt to ape the grandees of the nation;
Her shoes were hidden, for on either side
Did superabundant flesh in triumph ride.
Her partner was in native dress array'd,
While o'er his back his wanton pigtail played,
And seem'd at times as if in sport it rose,
To gain a triumph o'er the Doctor's nose—
Truly 'twas difficult at times to say,
Which of the two appear'd to gain the day,
While his huge brimmer both before and hind,
To nose and tail seem'd more than usual kind.
But when the rosy lady took her place,
She left the bridegroom very little space,
So well her yielding body spread around,
The Doctor scarce could get himself squeez'd down;
Indeed 'twas obvious to every *calf*,
The lady was by far the *better half*;
All settled, and poor Mungo fix'd behind,
The loving pair assay'd the church to find.
As on the couple mov'd, the crowd around
Shouted, and almost stunn'd them with the sound;
The ladies wav'd their 'kerchiefs as they cheer'd,
And not a face without a smile appear'd:
But while the gazing throng the couple prais'd,
The band of kettle-men their music rais'd;

Saucepans and porridge-pots, and earthen jars,
Well fill'd with stones, now rattl'd in their ears;
While marrow-bones and cleavers went behind,
And loudly in the rattling concert join'd.
'Tis said that some good people have no ear
For music, though the sweetest sounds they hear;
But had such stoics in harmonic art,
Have heard the kettle-party play their part,
They would on that occasion soon have found,
That want of taste was well made up in sound:
For had the coppersmiths in London town,
Join'd to put trunk and coffin-makers down
Although the latter had call'd in the aid
Of smiths, they could not half the noise have made.
It seem'd as if the very god of noise
Had come to mar a happy couple's joys;
'Tis only those who, in triumphant hour,
Have stood behind the cannons in the tower,
Can form a vague conception of the sound,
And even that but feeble would be found.
The Doctor often high in carriage rose,
To pacify this host of thundering foes,
But 'twas in vain—for each time he assay'd
To speak, the rabble greater rattling made;
In short, before the church appear'd in view,
All auditory sympathies withdrew;
And Comicus by smiling, oft confest,
How much he wish'd to have his thoughts exprest;
Arriv'd at church, the amorous couple found
Their senses were entirely lost in sound;

For though the music ceas'd, yet neither could,
Of all the parson said, scarce hear a word.

Says Comicus, " I must one favor crave,
" Which will your reverence much trouble save—
" That you would either very loudly state
" The marriage laws, or else in kindness wait ;
" For 'tis to me quite plain that rattling stones
" And cleavers, which in contact come with bones,
" Although they may in after joys intrude,
" To marriage form a rather odd prelude."

But though the Doctor's reasoning had some force,
The priest ne'er heard, but still kept on his course,
In short, the pair were married ere they knew
A sentence that had from his reverence flew ;
For what with noise without, and noise within,
The priest had never such a marriage seen ;
And gladly, when he had through service run,
Exclaim'd—" The lady, sir, and you are one !"
But scarce a moment had the priest retir'd,
Before the band were with new courage fir'd ;
And every porridge-pot in silence found,
Refreshment and invigorated sound.
Ah ! ye, who marry when deep silence reigns,
And then know little of the marriage claims ;
Blush, when I tell you that our hero found
Without his ears a chain that duly bound :
'Tis vain when only ceremony binds—
In the mere form no woman safety finds ;

'Tis in the heart the marriage-law is plac'd—
For every human form has been disgrac'd :
No solemn oath or well-digested plan
Can fix the roving, wandering mind of man ;
In hearts where sacred passion finds no place,
The hallowed cloisters only can disgrace ;
And the bold libertine will only jest
With the mere form his lover made the test
O let the weaker sex, who pride the hour
That brings the admirer to the civil power,
Who hope by solemn promises to bind
A heart, by nature form'd to be unkind ;
Beware of this false step, for many a pair
Have only seal'd their future misery there,
And from the moment of their triumph date
The evils that attend discordant state ;
Where mutual ties the kindred breast can feel,
The church was destin'd such fond ties to seal ;
But never can the marriage form inspire
In either breast a sentimental fire.
Now Comicus, 'midst multifarious din,
Again, half stunn'd, approach'd the village inn ;
And thought it proper he should some invite,
To share the pleasures of a nuptial night ;
But first he deem'd it prudent just to settle
With ale, each noisy porridge-pot and kettle—
That ale could settle ghosts, the Doctor knew,
And thought perhaps 'twould settle kettles too ;
So from the window he demanded loud,
A ready audience from the rattling crowd ;

They ceas'd, and Comicus at once began
To let the wise *musicians* know his plan.
" Good folks be still ; I wave all compliments,
" But sure you're tir'd of your instruments :
" The cleavers must be satisfied with bones,
" And every porridge-pot must curse the stones.
" Cease then ; and every man I'll freely treat
" With favorite ale, to crown the merry feat."
The Doctor's speech well pleas'd the joyful crowd
" Long live your worship !" now they shouted loud ;
And every man his instrument resign'd,
A better joy in foaming ale to find.
The Doctor having settl'd this rough noise.
Soon with his bride and friends began his joys ;
And to a table with each dainty spread,
The lady by her partner now was led ;
While many a country squire who lov'd his wine,
Resolv'd the hero's company to join :
The village-priest and lawyer too was there,
All eager to admire this novel pair ;
While each by turns engag'd in nuptial song,
Beguil'd the matrimonial hours along ;
In bumpers pledg'd the new-made man and wife,
And drank their happiness through future life,
While Comicus at head of table grac'd,
And had his loving dame at bottom plac'd.
Now Mistress Comicus, in spite of plan,
Found that she more than ever lov'd the man.
For notwithstanding all eccentric view,
The Doctor was in fact a lover true ;

His heart was kind, and soon his lady found
She was in no unpleasant shackles bound;
She could love too, and though 'twas late in life,
A mutual feeling made them man and wife;
And she resolv'd her future life should shew
How much she did to his affection owe.
The Doctor had determined that the priest
Should sing a ditty at the nuptial feast.
A man he was who, lov'd by all around,
Was at a joyful feast as merry found;
Dearly he lov'd a joke, and vow'd he'd sing,
The Doctor into the same mood to bring—
For from his quaint demeanour he foreboded,
That something comical would be exploded;
And laying down his pipe, resolv'd to try,
If possible, to raise his harmony.

How blest is the season
When harmony reigns,
And still monarch reason
Her empire maintains;
When on friendship's soft gales
We are pleasantly borne,
And no discord prevails,
To awaken the storm:
But harmony, harmony reigns all around.

As we travel along
Through the dull vale of life,
With a glass and a song,
Let us bury all strife;
No pleasure they know
Who in solitude pine;
The heart's sweetest glow
Is in friendship and wine:
When hatred and malice are drown'd in the bowl.

My short moments I'll spend
In a rural retreat—
There the poor I'll befriend,
And companions I'll treat;
By the labourer blest,
Ah, be that pleasure mine;
And the soul that's distress'd
Shall refresh with my wine:
The rich were but made a poor brother to cheer.

Where the tall yew-tree grows,
There my ancestors lie;
And in that same repose
As regretted may I;
While my hours roll o'er,
Those hours I'll spend,
In supporting the poor,
And enjoying my friend:
That man lives in vain who lives but for himself.

The Doctor smil'd with joy, for much he lov'd
These principles the worthy priest approv'd:
His heart already had resolv'd, his store
Should in his native village bless the poor;
That many an ancient face which well he knew,
Should share with him in fortune's favors too.
But while such thoughts as these employ'd his breast
The Vicar loudly for his turn had prest;
And Comicus elated with his joy,
Once more resolv'd his powers to employ.

A FRIEND AND A BOTTLE.

I've oft heard it said, but I'll never believe,
That the heart of a man was made only to grieve;
For if nature had meant that to be man's estate,
Why did she such numerous pleasures create:
Were they made but to look at?
Ah, far be the thought;
They were made to enjoy,
And enjoy as we ought.

Has wine, then, no joys, or has friendship no charms ?
Is the breast to know nothing but horrid alarms ?
Where's the man who has ventur'd such pleasures to try,
But will give to such sober pretenders the lie ?
While all nature is smiling,
Must man only weep ?
No—kind nature gives joys,
And those joys let us keep.

What others by abstinence strive to obtain,
I will seek for myself in good port and champaigne ;
If they choose, let them travel the wide world around,
At home with my bottle and glass I'll be found :
Every man has his idol,
Then this shall be mine—
If they love salt-water,
Sure I may love wine.

Let courtiers and placemen, and pensioners too,
With freedom their different objects pursue ;
If wealth be their object, that ne'er shall be mine,
Let them boast of power, while I sing of wine.
For a courtier may tire,
A pensioner fail ;
But a friend and a bottle
Will always prevail.

In mirth and harmony the evening gay,
Thus spent in sportive pleasure, pass'd away ;
Freely the Doctor's sparkling gold supplied
His friends within, and visitors outside ;
Nor parted they until the hour of one
Had through the arches of the belfry rung.
In nuptial bed we'll leave the pair to sleep,
And Bacchus o'er departed friends to weep.
But we may reason still—for higher minds
In such vagaries little pleasure finds ;
'Tis granted, but they best for choice atone,
Who learn to leave another's bliss alone ;

Odd minds will have odd fancies, but 'tis best,
That all opinions should not be exprest ;
For still 'tis true from mountebank to sage,
'Tis only whims in which most men engage ;
The sober souls have often stood and gaz'd
On merry folks, and felt themselves amaz'd ;
While lighter folks, with quite as much surprise,
Have seen the lengthen'd chin and upcast eyes.
But let the man who never felt a wish
To mingle for a night in sport like this,
Remember, that if nature never gave
The flippant principles which others have,
That the solemnity they so much pride,
Is nature's, more than any scheme they've tried ;
That individual who would lay a claim
To merit, must his every passion tame ;
Must feel an inclination for such joys,
And then in virtue find a counterpoise.
Who never felt a wish to act a part,
Can boast but little of a better heart.
Our virtues are but made so when they prove
Their conquests over pleasures that we love ;
For what was never wish'd for, never can
By boasted abstinence adorn the man.

Canto the Twelfth.

"In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs (and God has given my share),
I still had hop'd, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose GOLDSMITH.

Give me the heart which, while it grieves to see
A mortal toss'd on life's voluptuous sea;
Another feeling too, than scorn can know,
And learns to mingle grief and pity too;
As different as the faces of mankind,
Their passions, and their principles we find,
And yet some sapient sirs still hold it true—
Who sees the action, sees the motive too;
'Tis false, it must be own'd, that all mankind
Are to each other's motives wholly blind;
And judging all by a fallacious rule,
Call fools wise men, and a wise man a fool;
A thousand different causes may conduce
In man as many changes to produce;

" Manners with fortune, humours change with climes,
" Tenets with books, and principles with times ;"
While, then, such different passions mortals guide,
To judge is only ignorance and pride ;
The man who knows himself will be the last
To judge his friend, or foul opprobrium cast ;
He who looks through his character to find
The good in others, will be always blind,
His own delinquences will come between,
And those he sought to find will not be seen.
The man who most of sovereign virtue knows,
Compassion, more than idle censure, shews.
Compassion proper to mankind appears,
As Nature witness'd, when she gave us tears :
To show, by pitying looks and melting eyes,
How with a suffering friend we sympathize ;
Who can all sense of others' ills escape,
Is but a brute at best in human shape ;
The feeling heart that others' faults espies,
For love's most charitable garment flies,
Approaches backwards with a modest pride,
And tries a brother's nakedness to hide.
Now four long days at length the Doctor brought
Near to the village he had so long sought,
And only twenty miles he had to ride ;
When he alighted with his blooming bride.
Once from the chaise the Doctor's wheel had flown,
And three times had the pair been overthrown ;
But all his troubles vanish'd as he found
The next day he should tread on native ground.

He thought of nothing but the sovereign joy,
That would the coming day his mind employ.
Upon his bride that every town they rode,
Some proof of his affection still he shew'd,
Until his lady, by peculiar plan,
Was dress'd much more in fashion than the man:
Laying her former ancient dress aside,
She was with silk and satin well suppli'd;
High o'er her head a parasol she bore,
But 'twas in vain—the sun could do no more,
So long she had his scorching heat defied
Her face could never be much deeper dyed,
But then she did what others too have done,
Who try to take the merit from the sun.
A better couple never came together,
For neither car'd a fig for wind or weather;
To bones the Doctor trusted, not to skin,
While all his ladies' lay secure within;
Blow high or low, the tempest nothing gain'd,
For flesh and bones the contest stout maintain'd
The Doctor made Dame Fortune still confess,
With all her favors, she could ne'er give flesh;
While Mrs. Comicus seem'd plain to say,
She neither had the power to take away.
The village where the Doctor came to spend
The evening, which he hop'd his toil would end,
Was one, where many a pleasure he could find,
Recalling many a youthful scene to mind:
'Twas here old Graduate first drew his breath,
And here he found a calm repose in death:

Here in the village church-yard, when he died,
He wish'd to lie—and that was gratifi'd;
But still no friendly monument could say,
In what dear spot the much-lov'd tutor lay:
Silent he wish'd to steal from life's dull vale,
Nor wish'd an idle stone to tell the tale.
No other monument a mortal needs,
But that which rises from his own good deeds;
Without these, memory a stone defies,
Although it stands to say, "Here, here he lies;"
Whilst the rich name which virtuous deeds have won,
Descends from age to age, from son to son.

The Doctor, with his lady at his side,
Towards the village-church together hi'd;
And as they walk'd along, he often told
The different thoughts that o'er his bosom roll'd.
Now though his lady never had employ'd
Her hours in thought, yet still she these enjoy'd:
For every comfort that her husband drew
From former pleasures, gave her pleasure too.

From field to field, in recollection strong,
The Doctor led his rosy bride along;
But Fortune, though she was in solemn mood,
Her faithful servant still in sport pursu'd—
For while the loving pair enjoy'd the mead,
A bull approach'd them at a nimble speed;
And as the roaring monster nearer drew,
The frighten'd Doctor from his partner flew;

She turn'd, and soon the cogent reason found,
Why her dear spouse so nimbly trod the ground;
And though such extra corpulence she carried,
She not a moment for her master tarried ;
But screaming, in a cross direction flew,
While the fierce bull kept Comicus in view.
But spite of all his speed, the Doctor found
His four-legg'd foe was quickly gaining ground ;
The Doctor now for once, thought all was lost :
And hat and wig were from their summit toss'd.
The wig soon caught the furious monster's view,
And from the object he a step withdrew :
Then rushing forward with tremendous roar,
Fast pinn'd the hapless wig to nature's floor,
But quickly raising up the threat'ning horn,
This long tail'd wig upon his head was borne ;
So strange a covering made him quickly bound,
With different antics all the meadow round ;
And sure not many of the human race
Have seen a wig in such a curious place.
The Doctor having safely reach'd the style,
Amidst his fright, could scarce suppress a smile ;
Such gravity his periwig bestow'd
Upon the pole where it triumphant rode ;
The furious head was scarcely to be seen,
But all was wig and attitude serene,
And gently now he stole across the mead,
With both his eyes from every object freed.
The Doctor's lady hinted it was strange
A wig effected such a mighty change ;

And made her husband feel a thousand thorns,
As she exclaim'd, " a wig sometimes hides horns."

Says Comicus, " to settle all disputes,
'Tis plain a wig's an ornament to brutes:
And if so soon an angry bull 'twill tame,
Who'll ever doubt on man its power's the same.
If horns it hides, man never so applies
His wig like bulls, so as to blind his eyes;
Nor can he boast, although he looks so big,
What man can boast of, seeing through a wig.
Hibernia's sons, whom every nation gulls,
(Though Englishmen make quite as many bulls)
Might in this field a character produce,
That would among their foes bring on a truce;
For Englishmen, 'tis very plain can hide
Even their bulls, if they're with wigs suppli'd;
Yet still we must confess, to say the least,
An Irish bull is the most harmless beast."
Though now the Doctor had his jasy gain'd,
He found it had a scar or two obtain'd;
But smil'd to think it from his head had gone,
Before it came in contact with the horn.

Safe seated in the Inn, the loving pair,
Oft crack'd a joke upon the late affair,
Till higher things fresh crowded on their view
And urg'd their every purpose to pursue.
The night was long, for spite of every joy,
Home did the Doctor's every thought employ.

And ere the sun in eastern skies arose,
The Doctor started from his short repose ;
And with his broad-fac'd lady at his side,
Had soon commenc'd his last and sweetest ride.
While Mungo, tir'd of his seat behind,
Car'd not how soon they did the village find.
Now, though 'twas but a short and trifling space,
Since Comicus had left his native place,
To one who had been destin'd to engage
In such variety, it seem'd an age.
At home he was belov'd,—for all around,
In his prosperity a friend had found ;
And even when sore poverty oppress'd,
He was by many a country squire caress'd ;
Odd, though he was—that cannot be denied,
His breast was free from malice and from pride ;
And when another's bounty swell'd his store,
He had that bounty shar'd among the poor.
Ah ! often had the peasant in his cot,
Wish'd wealth had been the Doctor's happy lot
Well knowing that if riches were supplied,
His generous heart those riches would divide ;
And many an eye had shewn the pearly tear,
At that hard fate which made him disappear.
Ah ! blest humanity ! what heart can tell
The sweet delights she gives where they will dwell.
O, could the tyrant or the miser know,
For power or avarice what they must forego—
Could they for once that happy Being see,
Where mercy and benevolence agree ;

Could they but feel the soft and pleasing joys
Which those can feel which charity employs;
The tear that trembles in the widow's eye,
When blest benevolence her wants supply;
The blessings which from orphan-tongues arise,
The miser's glittering sordid heap defies:
In vain upon his coffers he may gaze,
No such delights the sparkling stones can raise;
Virtue's benevolence, and all besides,
Is cant, which every honest man derides.
Now Comicus, although with wealth supplied,
Was very far from feeling any pride;
Nor could he, when he saw the spire appear,
Deny himself once more the welcome tear.

'Twas noon when Comicus at Johnson's door,
The well-known spreading beech-tree saw once more:
Dear was the native beach where once he sat,
Over his different griefs to ruminate;
Each cottage was a palace to his view,
And e'en the humble alehouse charm'd him too
Oh, ye who never left your native home,
Over the world's tempestuous sea to roam;
Who ne'er have bid a long and last adieu
To the dear spot where first your breath ye drew—
'Tis vain for ye to guess what rapturous joy
At this blest moment did his mind employ.

The Doctor, though his presence much surpris'd,
Was by a crowd of rustics recogniz'd;

So fast flies news, that quickly rich and poor
Together flock'd in crowds to Johnson's door.
Wonder on wonder roll'd, as on his chaise,
And lady, and his alter'd dress they gaze;
And even ancient faces thought it strange,
That London could have made such mighty change.
Whilst Mrs. Comicus could only stare
With wonder at an interview so rare;
And sat in chaise to see this scene alone,
Like a large cherub scultur'd on a stone.
  Comicus now determin'd that the day
Which brought him home, should not be thrown away
But that the villagers in jocund hour
Should share the fruits of his auspicious power.
But while o'ercome with joy he stood, confess'd,
His friend, the Barber, through the rustics press'd;
O'erjoy'd was he that friend again to find,
Who day and night had dwelt upon his mind;
Eager he gaz'd—for not a planet told
The scenes which he was destin'd to behold.
"I vow 'tis strange," says he, "I've sought in vain
"From stars a knowledge of your course to gain
"But every star and planet has defied
"The different problems that my skill has tried.
Says Comicus, "Old friend, I have no ears
"At present for your planets and your spheres;
"Let it suffice that I have found my home:
"And let the stars roll silent on alone.
"This day we'll crown with mirth, and every man
"Shall drink as much good liquor as he can."

" No wonder then" cries Trim, "my plans were wrong,
" Since only *single* stars I've been among :
" Had I but ask'd *dame Venus,* then I should
" Have known exactly whereabouts you stood ;
" But nothing now the evening's bliss shall mar,
" Since I have found my friend, without a star."

Now not a soul in all the village dwelt,
But what to see the Doctor, pleasure felt ;
And such an evening is not often seen,
As that which pass'd upon the village-green ;
While Comicus, with lady at his side,
For once began to feel a sort of pride—
But it was lawful—for it only rose
From those blest feelings which true friendship knows:
For he resolv'd his fortune he'd employ,
In adding something to each neighbour's joy ;
That on the spot where stood his humble shed,
A better mansion should soon raise its head.
Still at the door the Doctor's name was seen,
Where long a humble tenant he had been ;
But quick he turn'd him from the well-known sight,
To mingle in the pleasures of the night.

Cheerful their lays went round—for as the ale
Began o'er other feelings to prevail,
Each conscious heart the best affections knew,
And Comicus engag'd in concert too.
The Barber often tried his vocal powers,
As smiling, flew along the blissful hours

And if the world the honest tonsor knew,
They would perhaps have smil'd to hear him too;
One piece, however, here shall find a place,
Although perhaps 'twill better ones disgrace:

HARK! hark! the merry harvest horn,
Sounds o'er the distant fields;
With joy they reap the smiling corn,
Luxuriant nature yields.
The golden harvest free from spoil,
Rewards the happy farmer's toil.

And now the flowing bowls succeed.
The horn and song go round,
The last high load of precious seed
Within the barn is found.
Thus does the never-failing soil
Reward the happy farmer's toil.

Thus swiftly flies life's fleeting spring,
Thus summer passes o'er;
'Tis only well-spent lives can bring
A joyful winter's store.
Then a rich harvest, free from spoil,
Rewards a life of virtuous toil.

As rapid flew the happy hours along,
'Midst ale and argument, and joke and song;
The Doctor and his lady kindly press'd
By the good vicar, soon retir'd to rest;
And with the morning's sun, he soon began,
For habitation, to arrange his plan.

And now, where once a humble cottage stood,
There stands another, more than twice as good;
Yet still no grandeur marks the happy cot
Where Comicus enjoys his blissful lot;
With sweet content, he asks for nothing more
The rest is but the servant of the poor.
His friends will often meet in sweet regale,
To taste his wine, and listen to his tale:
And strange as it appears, though when from home
He had his tricks, he's quite sedate now grown;
The sick man's house, the widow's humble shed—
He's herbs for one, for t'other he has bread;
Cheerful he gives—for what kind Heaven had sent
Is 'mongst the sons of want and trouble spent.
Perhaps he'll never from the village go,
But if he does, the world shall surely know;
And if the traveller should pass that place,
And at the Doctor's house an evening grace,
With greatest friendship he'll the stranger greet
And well the stranger will enjoy the treat.
An open heart he will be sure to find,
And Mrs. Comicus is very kind;
While on the parlour chimney-piece he'll find
The following lines descriptive of his mind.

"To my best friends are free,
Free with this, and free with me;
Free to pass the harmless joke,
And the tube sedately smoke,
Free to speak, and free to think:
No informers with me drink;
Free to stop a night or so;
When uneasy,—free to go."

Poor Mungo too his every hour employs,
In sharing in his happy master's joys ;
While the old hunter, from his labor freed,
Enjoys the pleasures of the verdant mead :
Chearful he runs when Comicus appears,
And points his tail, and pricks up both his ears ;
And seems as if he only wanted speech,
A grateful lesson to mankind to teach.
In a remote and western county too,
The traveller may the Doctor's dwelling view ;
A county where the lofty mountain stands,
And naked hills, and waste and barren lands,
Where dreary forests make a solemn shew,
And through which many noble rivers flow ;
The Eden Lane and ken slow travel here,
Near the wide spreading lake of Windemere :
His face already every reader knows,
His height, his form, and his peculiar nose ;
Nor can they well mistake his comely spouse,
Except they happen on a walking house,
She's just the lady that the French would style,
By way of joke, *c'est une grosse citrouille.*
In this great quacking age 'tis vain to rail,
While worldlings honor, quacking will prevail.
'Tis strange that in a day when learning reigns,
And universal empire she maintains,
The morrice-dancing ideot still can find
Admirers e'en amongst the wiser kind ;
That fools and knaves are still allow'd to cull,
Abundant honors with an empty skull ;

And rosy health, and even forms divine,
Are immolated on the hateful shrine.
Let only reason once rise up in arms,
And search the secret of their wondrous charms,
When ignorance her friend will serve no more,
The motley race must seek another shore.
From reason's powerful region quackery flies,
She breathes but folly, and without it dies.
Ye numerous race, who long with powerful hand,
Have dragg'd unnumber'd captives through the land,
Should e'er that moment come, when with your hoard,
Exil'd from England's coast, you rove abroad,
Still for your comfort you've a better lot,
Though banish'd, than some ancient demons got;
Abroad perhaps as farriers you may shine,
Well pleas'd to think you have escap'd the swine.
Ye dull despairing few who idly wait
Till accident or friends shall give estate;
Who on dame Fortune morn and evening cry,
And boast of no exertion but a sigh;
'Tis only enterprize can pave the way
For better fortunes or a brighter day;
He who despairing, in dull languor lies,
To glorious deeds can never never rise;
He who defers his work from day to day,
Does on a river's bank expecting stay,
Till the whole stream that stopp'd him shall be gone,
Which, as it runs, for ever shall run on.
What though 'tis late in life, exertion can,
Even in age, invigorate the man.

Come here, ye ladies, see, though late in life
A woman, if she please, may be a wife:
What, though a tooth or two have dar'd decay,
Or e'en an eye or leg has stole away,
The vacant places may be all supplied,
At least it's clear the scheme is often tri'd;
I would not damp your ardour, but it's right,
The thing should be explain'd in proper light.
Remember, ere you try so quaint a plan,
'Tis requisite to find as quaint a man.
Ye who are all for fortune and for chance,
And mean to try the famous morrice-dance,
Who, at one single leap, would wish to bound
From poverty almost to royal ground;
Remember, fortune only favors fools,
For none but they will strict observe her rules.
Perhaps the world will think our author wrong,
To speak against the hero of his song;
But, no; if fortune ever should bestow
A face like his, I'd recommend to go;
Say what he said, and do what he could do,
And you may go a connonelling too.
Ah! here's the rub—we see an object rise,
And every man the same expedient tries;
Man in his eager haste to seize a bliss,
Which nature never destin'd should be his,
Vainly aspires to some forbidden goal,
Misses his object, and destroys the whole;
In vain's the strongest energetic fire,
If prudence does not bound the rude desire:

He dreams of riches, grandeur, and a crown,
He wakes, and finds himself a simple clown.
Nature has fix'd wise laws, these laws obey,
Some must submit, if others are to sway ;
First ask what nature destin'd you should be—
That path pursue with every energy ;
In vain, the frog her every power tries,
To swell beyond the mighty ox in size :
However great her energies are found,
Bursting, she shews her folly all around.
Of all the tribes here wanting an adviser,
Our author's the least likely to grow wiser ;
Has he not seen how you your favor place
On sentimental queens, and lords in lace ;
Without a star, or coronet, or garter,
How can the piece expect or hope for quarter.
No high life scenes, no sentiment,—the creature
Still stoops among the low to copy nature ;
But then a work that makes a critic smile,
May serve from keener purpose to beguile.

FINIS.